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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXX. No. 804. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

SHELL

IS THE ONLY

MOTOR SPIRIT

sold to dealers in bulk with the stipulation that it shall be stored and retailed separately,

NOT MIXED

with petrol of any other brand or grade.

WORK FOR ALL BY CHRISTMAS!

CLARNICO

CLARNICO PUNS, No. 5

Do you know Oliver?

Oliver who?

All have another Clarnico Caramel

Pass the bag when you say this and notice how everyone accepts with pleasure. It's one of the sweetest ways of making friends.

Clarnico Cream Caramels	-	8d. ½ lb.
Clarnico Lily „	-	9d. ½ lb.
Clarnico Chocolate-Lily „	-	10d. ½ lb.

Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling; also loose by weight.

CLARKE, NICHOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London.

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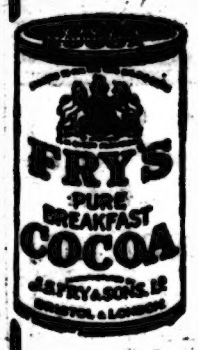
WONDERFULLY NOURISHING

EASILY DIGESTED



Fry's

PURE BREAKFAST

Cocoa

with the favourite "Chocolate" flavour.

Health for Young & Old

As good as its name

Everyone in the family will be the better for a glass of Nestlé's Malted Milk every day—say at supper-time, or mid-morning. It is full of nourishment, being prepared from the purest milk and the choicest malted wheat and barley; and it is most easily digested. Give it to the delicate ones to make them strong, to the healthy to keep them fit.

NESTLÉ'S MALTED MILK

Sold Everywhere.

Cash prices 2/- and 3/6 per bottle.

Where unobtainable locally, postage will be refunded and sample sent if you will kindly write us with the name and address of your grocer or store.

NESTLÉ'S (Advt. Dept.), 68, Eastcheap, E.C.

HUGE 20/- SALE

The Greatest Bargains that have ever been offered to the British Public.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY INSTANTLY REFUNDED.

ONE ALHAMBRA QUILT, ONE ART BED-SPREAD, ONE SILVER GREY HEATHER-COLOURED BLANKET, All Full Double Bed Size	20/-
KITCHEN LINEN OUTFIT containing:—One Large Roller Towel, Two Bath Towels, Two Hand Towels, Two Glass Cloths, Two Polishing Cloths, One Damask Supper Cloth, One White Table Cloth, One Coloured Tea Cloth	20/-
TWO PAIRS OF ROSSENDALE VALLEY TREBLE WOVEN TWILL SHEETS, Full Double Bed Size (70 ins. by 90 ins.)	20/-
A SPLENDID REVERSIBLE BORDERED AND FRINGED CARPET, Large Size, 3 yds. by 2 yds. (Usual price 40/-)	20/-
TWO PAIRS of LOVELY CREAM IRWELL VALE BLANKETS. Raised, Whipped, and Bordered (Full Double Bed Size)	20/-
A Magnificent Full Double Bed Size ART SIMULATION DOWN QUILT, in Floral Patterns, Well Filled, in Pretty Reversible Cretonne Cover with Sateen Panel	20/-

ALL BRITISH MADE GOODS AND ALL CARRIAGE PAID.

SEND TO-DAY TO

HARRILL'S STORES (Dept. 21),

STRETFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER

An Extraordinary SILVER BARGAIN.

It is not very often that manufacturers of Silver Ware have bargains to offer, but the recent depression in trade—though the manufacturers' loss—will be your gain.

Being known in the Mail-Order business as "THE WORLD'S GREATEST BARGAIN HOUSE," we have been entrusted with a certain Manufacturer's stock of high-class and beautiful Electro-plated Silver Tea Services, which we are authorised to turn into prompt cash by offering them to "John Bull" readers direct at a sacrificing price.

There are nearly 6,000 of these handsome tea services to clear, but with three-quarters of a million readers of this paper, we do not anticipate it will take long for these handsome articles to be snapped up. What could be more beautiful on your table than silver plate when friends visit you? A real bargain seldom met with. Be one of the lucky purchasers by sending for your set NOW. Every set sent promptly and well packed. Your money returned in full if not perfectly satisfied.

20/-

PER SET (1/- extra for carriage). Each piece alone worth the price charged for the set.

FULL SIZE ELECTRO-PLATED SILVER TEAPOT, ELECTRO-PLATED SILVER SUGAR BASIN, ELECTRO-PLATED SILVER CREAM JUG. Handsomely chased and engraved. All with strong handles and stand feet. Good enough for any silver cabinet. Strong enough for everyday use. Send Postal Order to-day for the World's Greatest Silver Bargain.

The Universal Stores LTD MANCHESTER

14 New Cannon St. J.B.

MANCHESTER

Treasury notes must be sent by registered post. Postal Orders and Cheques should be crossed (& Co.) and made payable to the Universal Stores, Ltd.

New Method of Curing

Eczema and Itching Rashes.

Germolene Soothes at a Touch.

AWARDED FOUR GOLD MEDALS.

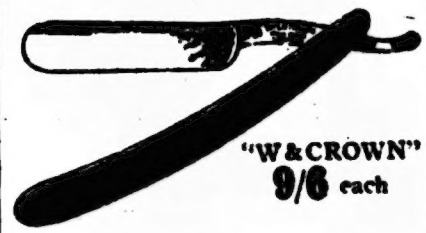
The irritating and unsightly eruptions occasioned by eczema in its various forms are relieved immediately by Germolene, the new Aseptic Skin ointment. It soothes at a touch because its influence is gentle, emollient, bland and kindly, and yet powerfully efficient in expelling germ infection and skin poisons. That is why it has absolutely superseded the old antiseptic ointments and salves, which were just as liable to corrode and injure the skin tissue as to kill the disease itself. Germolene can point to thousands of splendid cures. It was awarded four Gold Medals at the great International Pharmaceutical Exhibitions shortly after its introduction, and since then it has given wonderful evidence of its amazing efficacy by daily successes all over the world.

Baby Lupton, the little daughter of Mr. John Lupton, of 118, Hewthwaite-Terrace, Carnforth, for over 15 months was a severe sufferer from eczema. Her head and face eventually became literally incrusted with the disorder, and it was feared that she would lose her eyesight. Naturally every effort was made to relieve the little sufferer. Every preparation that could be thought of was employed, but it was only when Germolene was applied that success was secured. And Germolene gave relief straight away; the irritation became less and less. Now the little girl is rosy and bonny and has actually won a first prize at a baby show.

Use Germolene for all skin troubles, especially recommended for Piles. Germolene costs 1s. 3d. and 3s. at all chemists, and is prepared in the same splendid laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets.—Advt.

WILKINSON SWORD STEEL RAZORS

Are manufactured from the finest sword steel by highly skilled workmen—hardened and tempered by the Wilkinson special process, and full hollow ground. They represent the utmost in razor value.



"W & CROWN" **9/6** each

SETS OF RAZORS IN HANDSOME LEATHER CASES:—

Two Razors	£1 5 0	Four Razors	£2 0 0
Three ,,	1 10 0	*Seven ,,	4 2 0

*Each etched with a day of the week.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The WILKINSON SWORD Co., Ltd.,

53, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Gun, Sword and Equipment Makers, Razor Manufacturers.

T. H. RANDOLPH, Managing Director. Works: Acton, W.3.

ONLY 2/- THIS WATCH IS YOURS TO WEAR WHILST PAYING FOR IT

Gent's full size Keyless Lever Watch, strong Nickel Silver dust and damp proof case, clear dial, genuine Lever Movement, perfect railway timekeeper. Price 18/-; or cash with order 13/6. (Similar watches cheaper quality, 8/- cash.) Ladies' or Gent's wristlet model in beautiful present, 4/- extra. Any of these splendid watches sent on receipt of the first payment. After receiving the watch you send us a further 2/- and promise to pay the balance by weekly instalments of 6d. each or 1/- monthly. Warranty for 5 years sent with each watch. No unpleasant enquiries. Don't risk disappointment as this is manufacturer's stock purchased at great reduction (usually sold at 25/-). Send 2/- and 6d. extra for post care and insurance at once to

WOBURN WATCH COMPANY
44, WOBURN HOUSE, STORE ST.
LONDON, W.C.1.

LUMINOUS DIALS 2/- EXTRA.

LADIES' OR GENTS' 4/- EXTRA

Mead

Direct from factory at wholesale prices and SAVE POUNDS. World's finest Table Grands. Portable-Hornless and exquisitely coloured home Gramo-phones to select from. Grand bargains in Gramophone Regal, Gramophone Cabinet Model and Records. Sent on 10 days' trial, packed free, carriage paid, with 20 tunes and 100 needles. Prompt delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send postcard for art catalogue.

MEAD COMPANY (Dept. G.97.), Balsall Heath, BIRMINGHAM.

Provide for Yourself and Your Family by taking out an Endowment Policy with the

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

6, Paul Street,

FINSBURY, E.C.2.

Managing Director: LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Write for particulars NOW.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer, The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 804. Week ending Saturday, October 29th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

That Peace Treaty.

Have you noticed how by degree most of our leading politicians are coming round to our view that the Versailles Treaty should be revised? It has already become "a scrap of paper."

The Mountain and the Mouse.

Such was the description by our great little friend, Ben Tillett, of the Government's Unemployment Scheme. It sums up the matter in a nutshell—shall we say, in a mousetrap!

Ireland—a Blunder.

Mr. Chamberlain, as Leader of the House, is always anxious to placate at any rate his own supporters; but we think he made a bad mistake in agreeing to give a day for an Irish debate whilst the Conference was sitting—if, indeed, by the time these lines are read, it has not already broken up.

A General Election.

In that case, of course, there will be a General Election, which—like the Khaki Poll of 1900—whilst nominally confined to a single issue, will doubtless have the effect of giving Mr. Lloyd George a new lease of power, with a blank cheque in his pocket.

Our Character Sketch.

How do you like this new feature?—"Saints and Sinners"?—which we are hoping to make a permanent one. And there are several rather interesting human studies in the offing.

The Premier and Washington.

Despite the ship and definite date of departure having been officially announced, we are disposed to lay long odds against the Prime Minister getting away to Washington. He will probably be far too busy, dealing out rare and refreshing (election) fruit for the parched lips of the multitude.

One to the "Group."

Just as General Townshend, *our* "Secretary for War," has always condemned the wasteful expenditure in "Mespot," so has *our* "First Lord of the Admiralty," Admiral Sueter, been insistent upon the abandonment of the Four Capital Ships programme. And now it is coming.

Counsel's Privileges.

Isn't it about time that the right of counsel, when engaged in a case, to say anything he likes were curtailed? At present he may hurl the most infamous suggestions at the head of a witness, without having a scrap of evidence to support them, and is immune from any personal liability. We must see what can be done.

Mrs. Wintringham, M.P.

We had the pleasure of seeing the new lady M.P. take her seat—she is of a homely and retiring disposition, and her personality at once struck a domestic note which appealed strongly to the instincts of the House. There was only one Member who did not seem particularly to enjoy the function—but no names, if you please.

The Wily Hun.

Has it occurred to you that the money panic in Germany is being engineered by the wily Hun financiers, with a view to bringing into operation the clause in the Versailles Peace Treaty which provides for a revision of the Reparation payments in the event of the country's incapacity to comply with them? Hence the present eccentricities of the acrobatic mark.

BIGGEST AND BEST
FOOTBALL PRIZE
£1,000
FOR ONLY TEN.
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Post Office Finance.

We should like to know upon what data the Postmaster-General founds his dictum that a return to the penny letter and halfpenny postcard rates would involve the State in a subsidy of £18,000,000 a year. Does he assume that the quantity of correspondence would remain as it is to-day—when, in many districts, the postmen have little or nothing to deliver?

Primitive Court Methods.

Isn't it about time that an official shorthand-writer were attached to every Court of Justice? The interminable delay of watching his Lordship's pen in the High Court, and His Honour's in the County Court, and waiting for the Clerk to take down the depositions in the Police Court, is a scandal of the first magnitude. Oh, for a Business Judiciary!

Can it be True?

That whilst there are at present upwards of 50,000 non-Service men employed in Government Departments, over 6,000 ex-soldiers have been discharged, and that thousands of notices are still being issued? Surely it is a grave aggravation of this state of things that many Conscientious Objectors have been reinstated, whilst thousands of women are being retained, though the men who fought for their country are left out in the cold.

A French Example.

It has now been made illegal in France to light express trains with gas, thus avoiding the danger of fire in case of accident. Other countries, please note.

A Bonny Bishop.

Hats off to the Bishop of Birmingham, who "sees no harm in the owner of a race horse backing it to win." It may, however, be folly. It all depends.

De Valera's Condition.

It is not generally known that the reason why de Valera did not attend the Irish Conference was that he insisted that if as "President of the Irish Republic" he took any part in the deliberations, His Majesty the King should also be present as representing Great Britain. But he forgot that, unlike Presidents of Republics, our King has no politics.

The Ex-Speaker.

For a delightful series of Parliamentary character studies nothing has appeared in recent times comparable with Lord Ullswater's—ex-Speaker Lowther's—articles now appearing in *Sunday Illustrated*—which, by the way, despite all the trying days in which we are living, continues to hold its own as Sunday's most popular newspaper.

A Tip for Tippers.

In view of the probability of railway tips becoming liable to Income Tax, we suggest that passengers should, in future, deduct from their donations, say, twopence in the shilling, in order that the tip may be given "tax free"—leaving the honest traveller to hand over the balance to the Inland Revenue!

"K. J."

The death of Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P.—who, by the way, represented our first parliamentary love, the Hornsey Division—removes from the House yet another of its few personalities. A disappointed man politically, he was one of the Napoleons of journalism. He sat next to Sir Henry Dalziel, and the place doesn't seem quite the same with the present occupants in the two seats.

Patriotic Street Sellers.

We recommend our readers to study a leaflet just issued by Mr. Harry Biner, the costers' spokesman, showing how the stall-keepers, hawkers, and flower girls "dominated an historical by-election, and won a notable victory for the street-sellers of London in the Westminster (Abbey) Division." The part they played, however, was only that which our knowledge of the street-sellers of South Hackney and London Fields led us to expect.

Not Names for Navy.

Judging by their boycott of two kiddies with German names, the Admiralty are "remembering Battenburg." Brothers of one of the lads served in the war, while a brother of the other is now with the British Army in Ireland. We are as anti-Hun as anybody, but it is unjust to accept German names for the Army and reject them for the Navy.

A Talent Well Buried.

Being threatened with an Ejectment Order, a Redditch reader appeared in Court with a doctor's certificate stating that his wife, recently confined, was not fit to be moved. The Magistrates, he alleges, rejected the certificate as forged by him! Having seen our reader's writing and noted his composition, we should as soon accuse him of forging "Magna Charta." We wonder if these bright beaks ever thought of asking the doctor.

Too Late!

A reader posted a letter at Charing Cross P.O. at 1.45 p.m. on Saturday the 8th inst., the next collection being indicated as at 2.15 p.m. The envelope was returned by the addressee marked "Too Late," and on looking at the postmark it was found to be 3.15 p.m. As the letter contained a commission for a horse which won the 3 o'clock race on that day at 100 to 8, it may be surmised that our reader's language was not of the sort that would pass muster at a thanksgiving service.

A Croydon Tender.

What is the motive of the Croydon Corporation in accepting a tender of £4,077 in face of one of £2,883 for steel work? It may be an attempt to keep British hands employed in forging British steel, though a reader suggests that there is nothing whatever to prevent the favoured British firm purchasing the steel from the unfavoured foreign one and pocketing the difference of £1,194 which ought to come to the ratepayers.

Not Wanted.

Harshness seems to have characterised the action of the Ministry of Agriculture towards a discharged soldier who took one of their farms near Shifnal on the assurance that a valuation of £142 could be paid at his convenience. They sent him, however, a demand for payment in full, and a few hours afterwards followed it up by a writ. Consequently he filed his petition in bankruptcy, causing the Registrar who investigated his affairs to remark: "And this is the way they treat a discharged soldier—issue a writ without notice." Such shabby conduct does the Ministry no credit.

The Booming Huns.

Though the present industrial prosperity of the Huns is likely to be fleeting because at bottom it is fallacious, there is no question that the position of the mark and other conditions of international exchange give them a huge exporting advantage. Belgium was the first to be attacked in the war; she is the first to recover in the peace, and it is a recovery which, unlike that of Germany, promises to be permanent as well as constantly improving. For the time being, the Huns are booming. There will come a day when they will be on the slump—and present indications are that it will be soon, especially as Stinnie's and his gang are taking a hand.

"Printed in Berlin."

Loyal Manchester folk are justly incensed at discovering that the picture postcards sold freely in the streets during the recent visit of the King and Queen to the metropolis of the North, and depicting his Majesty in his Coronation robes, had been "printed in Berlin," and the damning imprint partially concealed by some added and meretricious ornamentation. The things are old stock, of course, but that is no excuse. They ought to have been burnt years ago.

Three-Card Tricksters.

Reports reach us that a gang of ruffianly card-sharpers have infested the railway between Fenchurch Street and the Royal Albert Docks. They prey on seamen and young apprentices just paid-off from a voyage, inducing them, sometimes with threats, to try to "find the lady" with the three cards they produce. Many a poor lad is thus robbed before the train reaches Fenchurch Street. Our information is that the railway company has been informed about the doings of these plundering parasites, but has taken no effective action in the matter.

Every Man

with a home of his own should become a reader of the "IDEAL HOME." It is a journal that helps with a hundred and one suggestions. It shows you how to make things—how to save money—how to improve your surroundings.

Get the November Number——Just Out——1s.

Hot Stuff!

Discharged soldiers and sailors of Aylesbury, wishing to be represented on the local Council, succeeded in getting a member to take on the job. But at a recent meeting it was stated that he had not attended since March last. A member described him as "a red-hot supporter of the discharged men." We should imagine the discharged men would be better served by one whose heat radiated less fitfully.

Kind Words Don't Pay Car-Fares.

A reader is duly impressed by being called "good man and true"—when summoned on a jury; but fears that these complimentary terms are rather dear at the price of a lost day, being "kept hanging round," and after honestly trying to do his duty, getting nothing but a headache for his pains. To find a competitor has secured a job in his absence, while he has to pay his own fares to be away, is only "adding pepper to cayenne"!

When Ladies Talk.

Lady Barlow has broken out in a fresh place—it may be remembered that we had a bout with her ladyship in 1915—on which occasion she called the Kaiser a "man of peace." This time, at a meeting to further the aims of the League of Nations, she accused the Anglican Church of officially upholding militarism, and otherwise outraged the canons of good taste. And this at a meeting which was purely undenominational and intended to cement Christian fellowship. The fair sex—bless their hearts!—were ever indiscreet in speech. But it is a failing they will have to conquer if they wish to cut much ice in Parliament. Will Lady Barlow please note?

Compulsory Sin.

The Grimsby Magistrates seem to have hit the wrong man when they inflicted a £5 fine. The victim was a man who pointed out that to sign on "unemployed" for the day when he might get a job at the dock in the afternoon was absurd. When paid the dole he had informed the paying clerk that this had occurred, and nevertheless was told to "sign and take the money." Surely the clerk was at least as guilty as the payee—and should have shared the fine?

Huns in Spain.

Some of our ex-Service men who were lured to Spain to fight the Moors found themselves up against their old enemy, the Hun. An Irish ex-driver in the R.F.A., relating his experiences, says that by command of a brutal German general officer his clothes were stripped off, he was refused food, kicked, hit on the jaw with the butt of a rifle and otherwise maltreated. It looks as though these irrepressible brutes are determined to get their own back at all costs. But why do the Spanish authorities allow it? And what are *we* doing?

Burton's Bench.

Burton-on-Trent appears to be as well supplied with the fatuous type of J.P.s as are most towns. When a brute named Percy Fearn was haled before that Bench on a charge of cruelty to a fifteen-months-old baby, some revolting details were given by the prosecution. On this helpless infant had been found twenty-three bruises—a large one on the right cheek and on the right side, and twenty-one of various dimensions on the back. Satisfied as to the guilt of the accused, Burton's brilliant Bench proceeded to a mockery of judgment by fining the inhuman father £2 or one month! Such a travesty of justice suggests that child-torture is regarded with a peculiarly lenient eye in that district.

Cheap.

Indeed it was so cheap that John Fearn, a scrap-iron dealer of Derby, would have small cause to be surprised with himself if he were now eating the skilly of repentance in the cell of retribution. A youth named Davies stole a bicycle from a cripple named Wood, and then took it to Fearn and offered it for 5s., as he "wanted money for food." In the Burton Police Court, Fearn admitted he knew the bicycle was worth more; that he made no inquiries about it; and that 5s. was all he paid. The Magistrates considered whether he ought not to be prosecuted for receiving, but, in fact, they let him go on the forfeit of his witness expenses and the restoration of the bicycle to the owner. Fearn must have been born lucky.

Who's Quick at Figures?

The proprietors of JOHN BULL are shortly to issue a new and singularly fascinating puzzle called the "Mystic Eight." Eight cubes, of which the sides are numbered, have to be arranged as one large cube, whilst conforming to certain rules. There is the opportunity of winning one of five hundred pounds' worth of cash prizes for your mental feats of strength. The earlier the correct solution is posted, the bigger the prize awarded. Make sure, and order your puzzle now.

Had your "JOHN BULL" Pen yet? If not, turn to page 14.

"Catching Them Young."

The Socialists of Ashton have the use on Sundays of St. John's Day School, and have had painted on the wall "Socialism—the hope of the world." The Education Committee object to this propaganda in a public day school. We agree—because, otherwise, what is to prevent a rabid Orangeman adding a scroll consigning the Pope to a certain place? Or a wild Tory putting up something spicy about Lloyd George? After all, the poor kiddies are young only once.

Who's Hulviz, and Why?

The London County Council have raised a shocking dust among the houses in James Street, Woolwich. For some reason not clear to the residents therein, the Council have decided to change the name to Hulviz Street, and Hulviz sounds to the folk so Hunnish, and James Street has such a war shrine to be proud of, that they respectfully request us to join them in making a row. Before so doing, it is hereby demanded "Who is Hulviz, and why?" Failing an answer, the officials who have inspired the change may consider themselves severely dealt with.

Four to a Hole.

"I noticed the other day," writes a Wandsworth reader, "that somebody of importance whose name I have forgotten had been maintaining that the less municipal, and the more private industrial, employment we have the better. I agree with him. A few weeks ago in a Clapham thoroughfare there was a shallow yard or so of hole to be mended in an ashphalt pavement. Five men and a horse and cart were engaged on that job. If there are any other men employed by the Wandsworth Council who can find a better 'ole than that, I don't mind laying a trifle of odds they will go to it."

More Insurance Mess-Up.

Some correspondence between the East Riding of Yorkshire Insurance Committee at Beverley and Mr. Reginald Shaw of Ferriby has passed into our hands. It shows that without rhyme or reason the Royal Liver Approved Society wrote to the Insurance Committee that his benefits had ceased. The Committee, however, seem to have been alive to the fact that somebody was wrong and it wasn't Mr. Shaw—for they wrote asking for his contribution cards, which they found to be in order, and therefore re-entered Mr. Shaw's name on his doctor's panel list. What a game it is!

Welsh "Sportsmen."

A curious case of assault was heard at Corwen County Court the other day, when a Merionethshire mountain farmer named David Thomas summoned Robert and Glyn Jones (son and grandson of Evan Jones, another farmer), for assault, claiming £75 damages. The complainant described how he was struck with a heavy stick, which smashed his fingers and cut his head open. He was then thrown down, stripped naked, and beaten with sticks. When he screamed, a stick was thrust down his throat. The defence alleged that Thomas was the aggressor, and Glyn Jones complained that his shirt was torn, his thumb chewed and his teeth loosened by Thomas's blows. It prettily illustrates the habits and manners of a certain "civilised" people in this year of grace. Thomas got £10, anyhow—for his wounds.

Hard Lines, but—

A war widow who is in receipt of a pension for herself and child complains that her services as Relief Receiving-ward Attendant at the Bethnal Green Hospital have been dispensed with. It is hard, we know, for a woman and child to live on 25s. a week, but how much harder for those who have nothing? The knowledge that her place will be given to one of these unfortunates should do much to soften the blow.

Those Figures, Please!

We understand that the Audit Branch of the Ships' Stores Department (Ministry of Foods) persist in their refusal to supply a balance sheet; indeed, they have gone so far as to decline further correspondence on the subject. As we have previously remarked, the matter is one that concerns the taxpayer, and there can be no reason for withholding the Balance Sheet if everything is straight and above board. Persistence in this ill-judged attitude can only lead to the assumption that there is something to hide or somebody in the background to be "whitewashed."

WHY IS LLOYD GEORGE LIKE A FOOTBALL?

£50 and other cash prizes *must be won* for answering this or another simple question in the Grand New Competition which commences in "LONDON MAIL" (on sale Saturday, October 29) and "PASSING SHOW" (on sale Monday, October 31).

It is one of the most simple and most fascinating competitions yet devised—just the thing for brightening up dull autumn evenings.

DON'T MISS IT!

No Instalments.

At Needham Market an out-of-work was summoned for non-payment of £2 12s. poor rate. The man sent 2s. 6d. on account, promising to pay that amount weekly until settled—a clear indication of honest intention that should have been recognised. But no—the Bench would have none of it; the man must be put to the ignominy of being "sold up" because, forsooth, weekly payments would give a lot of trouble to the Overseers. The old story—officialdom first and its harassed victims nowhere. As a matter of fact, the payment of rates by instalments should be a recognised thing. It would help many a struggling ratepayer out of the mire and entail far less trouble to officials in the long run.

Lost Orders.

Incidents which have recently occurred in Bradford and Crewe show with what a reckless lack of conscience sections of labour here and there are killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. The Bradford Industrial Council had before them the application of certain firms for permission to employ women and young persons on overtime for a period of eight weeks. The application was turned down. As a consequence, large export orders demanding execution before Christmas have been lost. Similarly at Crewe. Here the men refused to work overtime. The result was that an order for 80 locomotives given to the railway company went elsewhere. The economic sense of such a trade-union attitude is surely to seek—especially in times of crisis such as those through which we are passing.

Cannot Have it Both Ways.

The Milk Combines, who neither know nor care what fodder costs, coolly explain their price of 3s. a gallon by "the dry season having made hay and roots so dear." But they offer the farmer who is really hit by the dear cattle food 1s. 2d. a gallon, and tell him—in the words of "United Dairies (Wholesale) Ltd.," that "plentiful supplies of milk are now reaching the consuming centres"! If fodder is dear, why is the farmer offered such a low figure? And if milk is so plentiful that it can be bought at 1s. 2d., how is it possible to explain the 3s. a gallon?

A Liverpool "Stunt."

"Die-hards" in the Liverpool City Council made a deliberate kick the other day when a proposal to abolish bonuses on all municipal salaries over £500 a year was mooted. One even went so far as to characterise it as a "mean, sordid and contemptible stunt." But the thousands of unemployed ex-Service men in Liverpool do not regard it in that light. Nor do the unfortunate ratepayers, who are called upon to pay 19s. 8d. in the £. Councillors who are up against the bonuses will have to try again. "Stunt" or no "stunt," Liverpool must move with the times and the bonuses will have to go.

Silence.

Having been a spectator at the unveiling of the Walsall Cenotaph, "Yours sincerely, Joe Smith," has lost his wool. "I wish you had been there to see," he says. "It was a disgrace to see the poor chaps in the procession, unemployed and crippled soldiers, and only about three people as gave them a cheer. I expect if it had been Kaiser Bill, or Charlie Chaplin, or Fatty Arbuckle the folks would have cheered themselves till they busted their lungs. P.S.—I have seen more shouting at a cycle race and a football match than what there was here." That's just it, we expect. The ceremony was not a cycle race or a football match.

British Generosity—to Enemies.

British wheat—what there is of it—is acknowledged to be the best in the world; so, despite the cheap gibes of Dean Inge and others of his stamp, is Britain's generosity—to her enemies, at least, though she is often parsimonious enough to her own children. While the Russian Soviet still spits insults at us, still and unceasingly prosecutes pernicious propaganda in the effort to destroy Britain and her Empire, we Britons have already sent shiploads of our splendid home-grown wheat to feed the starving Russians, and have also paid German shipowners to carry that goodly gift, while our own ships lie idle and thousands of our own seamen are starving. That is carrying generosity to a fault!

Twins.

The announcement of the arrival of twins has, according to the comic papers, given many an impecunious father a shock, but the announcement that we are this week offering twin prizes of £500, £100, and £50 in our "Bullets" Competition should suggest to the said impecunious fathers a likely means of finding a way out of their embarrassments. The duplication of the first three prizes is an entirely new idea in competition awards, and should produce some interesting intellectual offspring.

How to obtain a "JOHN BULL" Pen. See page 14.

CHILD TORTURE IN THE NAME OF SCIENCE.

MANIA FOR SURGICAL OPERATIONS IN MUNICIPAL SCHOOL CLINICS—PARENTAL INTIMIDATION.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY (*Assistant Editor*).

BACK in the 'nineties the nervous critics of a State system of "free education" predicted that it would not be long before the children of the poorer classes were wrested from the custody of their parents and handed over, body and soul, to the tender mercies of the public authorities. In certain directions this sinister prophecy is in a fair way of being fulfilled. Occasionally, no doubt, the children are benefited, and I am certainly not prepared to argue that the State ought never in any circumstances to interfere with what are known as "parental rights." Rather I would insist that the welfare of the children themselves must always be the paramount consideration, and that no theoretical scruples should be allowed to militate against those racial interests which are of more importance than any passing phase of our social life. It is from this standpoint that I have been led to examine the extensive arrangements made by the London County Council for the medical care of school-children in the metropolitan area; and I confess that, upon a complete survey of the situation, I am by no means satisfied either that the ratepayers are getting value for their money, or that the children are receiving a square deal in the shape of expert surgical treatment. At any rate, the arrangements call for close scrutiny, and some of the facts which have been brought to light in the course of a recent controversy upon the subject are of a most disquieting nature. I assume, of course, that in regard to their extensive school clinic system the L.C.C. have acted upon expert advice, and that there is a good deal to be said in defence of the arrangements which have been adopted. But there is an ugly side to the shield.

Surgical Excesses.

I am afraid I have not the unlimited faith in the surgeon's knife for trifling bodily disorders which seems to possess the mandarins of the L.C.C. It is true that the Council deny the widely circulated statement that they intend next year to spend £100,000 upon the removal of tonsils and adenoids from the throats and nasal passages of London school-children—only a modest £10,000 having as yet been earmarked for this purpose—but it is as clear as anything can be that the vogue of these minor operations is vastly on the increase, and that the average L.C.C. official is ready upon the slightest pretext to order healthy youngsters off to the nearest clinic, there to be maimed and tortured in the sacred name of Science. For the conditions under which these operations are conducted are a positive scandal. In the case of well-to-do persons, a child requiring this form of surgical treatment is put to bed after the operation, nursed gently through the stage of convalescence, and treated generally with that sympathy and consideration which his distressed condition demands. Not so the hapless mite for whom a wise L.C.C. has provided the amenities of the school clinic. The sights there witnessed must be seen to be believed.

Official Shambles.

The reports of eye-witnesses nearly turn me sick. Some of these horrors are perhaps inevitable, for surgery at the best is rather an unpleasant trade, but I have yet to find any evidence that the least attempt is made to mitigate the suffering caused to these helpless children or to minimise the risks attendant upon the wholesale employment of the knife. Anyone who has visited a hospital or a clinic on "adenoids day" will know what I mean. They will have seen terrified little patients spluttering and choking with blood, sometimes in a state of collapse, hustled out of the operating chamber into the waiting-room to allow the entry of others who at the spectacle of what awaits them are almost paralysed with fright. Scientifically, of course, it does not much matter. I suppose surgeons who have to work in public institutions must learn to be indifferent to this sort of thing, and I shall be told that apart from sentiment there is no great harm done. But who is to judge of that? It is impossible to estimate the effect of nervous shock upon the mind and body of a child, and I say deliberately that the conditions obtaining at these school clinics, maintained at a huge cost from public funds, are a disgrace to all concerned. In the first place, there is distinguished medical authority for doubting the necessity for these wholesale operations, and I am strongly inclined to think that the London County Council have been stampeded by their own medical officers into a system of surgical conscription—if I may use the phrase—which upon scientific grounds is open to considerable question. In this connection, I am a good deal impressed by the arguments of Lieut.-Col. John Kynaston, a distinguished officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who, having approached the subject with an open mind, has arrived at conclusions which deserve the close attention of all who are interested in child welfare. Briefly, Dr. Kynaston holds that the L.C.C. and some other Local Authorities have gone "operation mad," and that only in a small proportion of cases would patient medical examination reveal the necessity for surgical treatment. In this view, he is widely supported by doctors who in this remunerative field have no axe to grind.

Parental Intimidation.

It ought at least to be arranged that these operations should be undertaken only with the full and free consent of parents, and after an opportunity has been given for adequate consideration of each child's individual requirements. Unfortunately, there is a good deal of evidence to show that the L.C.C. officials have adopted a hectoring attitude towards fathers and mothers who decline to recognise the school clinic as a means of health for children who show no symptoms of disease. This spreading medical bureaucracy is a menace to the cherished liberties of our domestic life.

A SWEATED SLAVE.

MULTIFARIOUS DUTIES AND MISERABLE PAY.

The elementary justice of "a fair day's wage for a fair day's work" appears to be denied by certain Borough Councils to some of their employees, at least. A recent and terrible example of attempted sweating by municipal authorities comes from Sudbury, Suffolk. The Council there recently advertised for a person to undertake the dual work of Borough Accountant and Storekeeper. The list of duties of the Accountant—all of a highly skilled and technical character—is too lengthy to be set out here. Then come the duties of Storekeeper, thus set down in the schedule:—"In addition to the usual office duties of the office, weigh and check delivery, and issue materials, efficiently supply work in progress with necessary materials, possess a thorough knowledge of all igneous rocks, coals, steel, iron, timber, engine parts, and other engineering materials, and act as Timekeeper"! The hours of duty as "timekeeper" alone, by the way, are given as from 6.30 a.m. to 5 p.m.—so one really wonders when this accountant-geologist-engineer-checkweigher-timekeeper will find time for his more important duties! And what do you suppose is the "salary" the Sudbury Council have the hardihood to offer for such services as they demand? £130 pounds a year! Think of it, ye good scavengers and road sweepers with "minimum wage."

STARVING WHILE THE CORN GROWS.

ACT THAT SHOULD BE IN OPERATION AT ONCE.

In the present terrible glut of unemployment there is one aspect that is apt to be overlooked—and that is the ill-effects and sufferings entailed upon growing children through being underfed. To cope with this we have the Feeding of Children Act, and in many districts, we are glad to note, steps are being taken to make it operative. In hundreds of homes where unemployed benefit is in force 15s. a week represents the wherewithal for a family to live on. In others matters are worse, for there is nothing or next to nothing coming in at all. In many households the hardest hit are the poor mothers, who rather than see their children deprived of food go short themselves. But in some homes even this is impossible, and the little ones have to trudge to school on empty stomachs or after having had merely a piece of bread and scrape. That way lies irreparable damage to fragile constitutions, with the sure and certain prospect of physical unfitness in years to come. In most of our large towns the shoe is already beginning to pinch, and no time should be lost in putting the Act into operation. The teachers, we feel sure, are the last in the world to shirk the responsibility which, in that event, would rest upon them, and with their unique opportunity for observation may be relied upon to see that the provisions of the Act are well and truly carried out.

RUSSIAN REFUGEES IN CLOVER.

WHERE THE BRITISH TAXPAYERS' MONEY GOES.

Sheltered in Sidi Basha Camp, Alexandria, are approximately 2,000 Russian refugees, who are well fed and comfortably housed at the British taxpayers' expense Charity concerts are organised for their entertainment, and, taking one consideration with another, they have a far better time than thousands of our ex-Service men. But these outcasts, though strong and healthy, refuse to work unless paid, and even the scavenging of the camp has to be done by the Egyptian Labour Corps. Many of the refugees are working in Alexandria, receiving from £4 to £11 per month, but they are permitted to avail themselves of all camp privileges, food, lodging, etc., and subscribe nothing towards their keep. Putting the minimum cost per head at £2 a week, the number being 2,000, we get an annual outlay of £208,000. Add extras, such as wastage, upkeep of buildings, etc., and we have an expenditure approximating £250,000 per annum. every farthing of which comes out of the British taxpayers' pockets. Some idea of what is going on may be gathered from the experience of a refugee employed as butler by an English family at £4 a month. Tiring of his job, he found one as a tram conductor at £11 a month. Yet he continued to live and board in camp. Is it any wonder that our income-tax is 6s. in the pound and that there is little chance of it being reduced?

Why pay fancy prices for Fountain Pens? See page 14.

FLEECING THE FOOLISH.

COLLIER WHO WOULD BE A CINEMA STAR.

We do not see why the "London Academy of Cinema Acting" need ever pay for scenarios, granted that they include production of films among their activities. The story of one of their "pupils" would make a screaming farce, suitably relieved by a certain degree of pathos. A miner of the Rhondda Valley, depleted in hope and pocket by fifteen weeks' idleness in a recent strike, noticed an advertisement setting forth the lucrative possibilities of cinema acting. In answer to his request for particulars, he received a manifolded letter, with his name typed in, asking him to call, as the "Academy" preferred personal interviews. He did so, and was interviewed by a charming lady who painted a pleasing verbal picture, but forbore to put anything in writing, except a receipt for his £10 10s. This was a vague document which merely stated that the money was "payment for Cinema Tuition," and was conveniently silent about the nature or term of the instruction. The ambitious collier soon discovered the missing details, twenty to thirty minutes a day for nine days being the extent of the teaching. He was then dismissed for a few days to "practice," and ordered to report later for a test. Doing so, he was instructed to pretend to shoot himself through the head, and after this trial of his "acting" was again dismissed with instructions to return next day "for the result." On his next appearance the charming lady telephoned to some superior, and then informed the miner-actor that, while he was the best of the men tested, his rendering had been hardly vigorous enough. The only remedy was another week's tuition, for which the fee would be £6 6s.! The astounded ex-collier retained sufficient consciousness to demand his money back, but was politely bowed out. To tempt an ignorant and rough coal-digger to pay for tuition as an actor at the rate of one shilling a minute may be perfectly legal, but his obvious disability places the exploit in a reprehensible light.

VETERANS' BUSINESS VENTURES.

WRECKED ON THE ROCKS OF MISMANAGEMENT.

Many ex-Service men who invested their gratuities in various ventures that were to bring grist to the mill are to-day in the unenviable position of having to exclaim "Save us from our friends!" Among them are a number who took up shares in two concerns known as the Discharged Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's Co-operation, Limited and Veterans' Commerce, Limited, the former of which is now merged in the latter. Started soon after the war with the laudable object of benefiting ex-Service men and helping by co-operation those who invested in shares, both concerns are to-day "on the rocks." It is alleged by the founders of the "Co-operation" that its downfall is largely due to certain ex-Officers interested in "Veterans" who were brought, not without protest, into their concern and who made it their business to eliminate its founders and get the organisation under their own control. This object they ultimately achieved, but it was a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire," for the state of "Veterans" was and is no better than that of the weakling it took under its wing. It is a great pity that such projects, started with the best of intentions, should be wrecked by bad control, and the mismanagement in this instance has been so gross that we advise the shareholders to insist, in the public interest as well as their own, on the fullest investigation, and not rest content until the true inwardness of the whole deplorable fiasco is laid bare.

SINGERS AND THEIR SALESMEN.

GROUSE ABOUT A ONE-SIDED AGREEMENT.

What a Gateshead-on-Tyne reader calls a "contract of slavery" are the terms of a very one-sided agreement which Messrs. Singer, the sewing-machine manufacturers, exact from the salesmen-collectors who enter their service. Our informant entered the employ of the Singer Co. in March last, appointed by the local manager of the Company, who "worked out on a blackboard how easy it was to earn £5 weekly. It seemed to be quite simple, and a fair proposition for a man with selling ability." But, first of all, our friend had to pay 8s. for acceptance in a Guarantee Society, and then to agree to a weekly deduction of 10 per cent of his earnings until £25 cash was paid, when the Society's bond lapsed and deductions continued to be made by the Singer Company until £50 cash was paid. As on an average a salesman-collector does not handle more than £12 a week, and it is always paid-in within that period, the need of a £50 cash guarantee—especially as the Company must make profit out of it by paying only 4 per cent. on the guarantee-money—is not very obvious. "There is a scale of salaries, as they term them," we are told, "and they pay only 5 per cent. collecting commission. All collections are required to be made on Saturdays and Mondays, and on an average this means we earn 12s. for two days collecting." The Company can withhold payments to their employees on the most flimsy pretexts. The salesman does not receive his 15 per cent. commission at once on the value of his weekly sales, but only 5 per cent. and one-half of the hirer's payments as paid weekly or monthly as agreed—so that anybody selling machines always has a big proportion of his commission in the hands of the Company. If a collector-salesman leaves their employ for any cause, further commission on sales already made is forfeited. When our friend left, the Company had in hand a week's running salary and commission belonging to him; this was not paid until the manager had re-canvassed every customer in his district. They also claimed to withhold repayment of his guarantee-money for three months, but when threatened with proceedings, they repaid it. During his employment with them for 25½ weeks, this particular man's average sales value per week was £14. He avers that he was not asked to sign an agreement until he had been a week with the Company, and then the printed clause as to one week's notice was deleted for a day's notice. A fortnight elapsed before he received the agreement and had the opportunity of reading the stringent and complicated conditions of engagement and service which he claims the Company exacts against such employees as himself.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION RESULT.

FIVE READERS DIVIDE THE PRIZE OF £1,000.

In this competition the following five readers each sent a correct forecast of the ten matches played on October 15th, and therefore divide the prize of £1,000, each receiving £200:—J. B. Campbell, 20, Waring Street, Belfast; J. Morris, 44, Ashburton Road, Custom House, E.16; Mrs. L. Morris, 9, Copenhagen Place, Limehouse, London, E.; T. G. Richardson, 31, Gosport Road, Fareham, Hants; F. J. Sparkes, Friday Street, Minehead, Somerset.

On October 29th, *Pictures*, the oldest-established picturegoers' weekly, celebrates its tenth birthday with a special souvenir number that throws some entertaining sidelights on motion picture history. It has been edited by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, an arrangement which necessitated a steady stream of couriers between London and the Paris Hotel at which the stars are staying.

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KITCHENER PLOT: IMPORTANT SEQUEL.

PLANS TO PLACE THE BRITISH PUBLIC IN FULL POSSESSION OF THE TRAGIC FACTS.

IN a striking article entitled "How Kitchener Was Betrayed," appearing in our issue of July 23rd last, we made public for the first time the sinister facts surrounding the death of Lord Kitchener. As the result of painstaking enquiry, we claimed finally to have solved the mystery attaching to the fate of H.M.S. *Hampshire* and elucidated the dark story of intrigue which robbed the Empire of its stoutest pillar of support in the hour of trial. Ever since that black day in June, 1916, when the tidings of Kitchener's fate smote the heart of the nation, we had been besieged with rumours of one kind and another which it was our business to investigate in the hope that at last we might discover the truth of a matter in which the national honour was deeply involved. Gradually the whole tragic story assumed shape and colour, and it remained only to weave the disconnected threads of information in our possession into the form of a single narrative. Every precaution was taken to exclude the possibility of error or mistake, and when finally the story of "How Kitchener Was Betrayed" was placed before the public it was with the confident assurance that none could impugn its substantial truth. Naturally the story was eagerly canvassed from one end of the country to the other, and we were overwhelmed with requests for its re-publication in pamphlet form. That we have improved upon this suggestion will shortly be seen.

STRIKING CONFIRMATION.

Meanwhile others were busy with the facts, and before long an entirely unsought, but none the less striking, confirmation of our version of the incidents which led up to Lord Kitchener's death was furnished by Sir Richard Cooper, M.P., who in the course of a speech at Walsall made public certain information which had found its way into his own possession. In declaring that the death of the great Field-Marshal was the result of a "plot" in which a German woman spy played a principal part, Sir Richard was entirely at one with us, although his information had been obtained quite independently of our own investigations and without the opportunity of an exchange of views. The exact correspondence of the worthy baronet's conclusions with our own will be seen from the following quotation from his speech at Walsall:—

> The *Hampshire* and Kitchener's journey to Russia was betrayed by a German woman in London, who was living with an English officer at the War Office. She got the information telegraphed through to Berlin—the whole details of that journey—and she has since been paid ten thousand marks by the German Government. All the records of these facts are in the archives of the War Office at the present moment.

After this emphatic pronouncement following upon our own disclosures it was difficult for the Government to repudiate all knowledge of the affair, and such disclaimers as were made in the House of Commons were of a most half-hearted kind.

OFFICIAL INTRIGUE.

The corroboration of our narrative furnished by Sir Richard Cooper did not stand alone, and being more than ever satisfied that we had at length ascertained the truth about the *Hampshire* tragedy, we desired to give effect to our readers' wishes and issue the story in a form which would ensure the largest possible measure of publicity. With this end in view we approached a well-known cinematograph firm, British Screen Plays, Limited, and asked them to produce for us an accurate film version of the episodes related in the original JOHN BULL article. Their co-operation was readily obtained, and with the assistance of Mr. Norman Ramsay, M.A., whose "adaptation" of the original article is a really remarkable piece of work, an excellent film drama has been produced and will shortly make its appearance in the principal cities, not only of the United Kingdom, but of the world. Already the projected film "How Kitchener Was Betrayed" has created considerable excitement in the cinema world. It is important, however, that the public should realise that the film rests entirely upon information supplied by JOHN BULL, embodying the results of our patient investigations extending over a period of years, and having, in fact, been produced by British Screen Plays, Limited, in the closest collaboration with the staff of this journal. Consequently no reader of JOHN BULL should miss the opportunity of seeing the film and so receiving a new impression of the sensational circumstances surrounding the central tragedy of the war. It may be confidently asserted that no attempt on the part of the War Office or any other Government Department to prevent the exhibition of the film, if ever they contemplated such action, has the least chance of success. The secrecy which was too long allowed to enshroud the chain of events which culminated in the sinking of H.M.S. *Hampshire* is finally at an end. It has been the privilege of JOHN BULL to tear aside the veil and exhibit the truth for all to see.

DISTINGUISHED COLLABORATION.

It is an interesting and highly significant fact disposing once for all of the suggestion that there is anything fanciful or imaginative about the story of "How Kitchener Was Betrayed," that Sir George Arthur, who, as Private Secretary to Lord Kitchener, was one of his most devoted friends, has consented to figure personally in the film drama and to re-enact several important scenes in which he and his late chief were together concerned. Thus the biographer of Kitchener of Khartoum becomes definitely associated with a story which is destined to leave its mark upon the history of the period. This JOHN BULL film is without precedent in the records of cinema production, and is to be regarded not merely as an entertainment but as an historical document of first-class importance. The truth about Kitchener is something every British citizen should know, if only that justice may be done to the character of one whose courage and inspiration are among the imperishable memories of our time.

THE MARK OF THE BEAST.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE GIRL'S BETRAYAL.

In her life's journey Louisa Harris has barely passed fourteen of those mile-stones which happier children keep with rejoicing as their "birthdays," but there will be many of three-score-and-ten with less horrors to forget than this poor lass. Her father was a cow-man. The cottage shortage drove him to take shelter in a loft above a stable, and in that gloomy refuge the man and his wife, with three children, existed. One evil day the parents were absent, and a designing carter succeeded in criminally assaulting Louisa, a frightened child of thirteen years. The full extent of his bestiality was discovered only when the child fell ill, when the horrified parents learned that she would shortly become a mother. The father immediately informed the police, the lustful oaf was laid by the heels, and a Judge, weighing the purity of a peasant's child lightly, awarded the unspeakable perpetrator of the offence eight months' imprisonment. A local nurse offered to take care of the girl, but apparently found her a burden, and so sent her to an establishment in Leicester. Subsequently she was bundled into Rugby Workhouse, where she gave birth to a dead infant. Undoubtedly this awful experience temporarily deprived her of reason, but the parents have secured a cottage, and perhaps the authorities will realise that she might just as well be allowed to return to her natural guardians.

PUSSYFOOT POST OFFICE.

GLASGOW THINKS POSTAL BUSINESS SINFUL.

Glasgow is, in point of numbers and industries, the second city of the Empire, but if it were left to the postal authorities it would drop a peg or two down the scale. On a recent public holiday a notice was exhibited in the window of the head office intimating that the hours of business would be 8 to 10 a.m. and 4 to 5 p.m. All branch offices throughout the city were closed all day. The rest of the world, unaware that "Glasgie" was celebrating something or other by taking a day off, had written letters and were sending telegrams and telephoning as usual. Business men of Glasgow accordingly were compelled to attend their offices or lose chances of doing business, which are none too common under present conditions. The Stock Exchange also opened and conducted transactions, many of which had to be confirmed without delay or which needed correspondence with customers outside the city. But between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m., the real hours of business in the commercial world, not a stamp could be obtained nor a wire despatched. Private citizens who received any correspondence that morning had either to postpone replies till the next day or walk several miles to the head office, their local offices being closed. If it were a question of considering the staff, five minutes' conversation with the Labour Exchange would have produced dozens of eager unemployed postal workers.

PINCHING THE PENSIONER.

OLD PUBLIC SERVANTS' DISTRESSING PENURY.

Four Police Pensioners, all now quite old and almost incapable, were granted allowances on their retirement from the King's Lynn force years ago. One, aged 65, with three dependents, is drawing £56 13s. 4d. per annum. Another, aged 66, with one dependent, gets a similar amount. A third, aged 66, three persons depending on him, receives £48 17s.; while the fourth, aged 72, with one dependent, has a pension of £46. According to Board of Trade estimates, these old men, with practically no earning capacity, nearing the end of their lives, are subsisting on paltry doles worth in pre-war values from 8s. to 9s. 6d. a week. The Pensions Act of 1920 was passed to meet such distressing cases, and "authorised" the payment by Local Authorities of 40 to 50 per cent. increase on these amounts. Even this concession would mean only an additional 4s. weekly in the pensions of the cases we mention, and in view of their long and faithful service it is little enough to ask. But respectful application to the King's Lynn Watch Committee resulted in a refusal. The Act was passed because the Government were driven to admit that such pensioners could not exist on their allowances. Present conditions do not permit these aged men getting any work. Why then, in all the country, does this stiff-necked Committee stand alone in refusing to carry out the merciful measure?

Join the ranks! of "JOHN BULL" Pen users. See page 14.

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF POPULAR PEOPLE.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

HAVE you ever seen the most restless man in the world suffering from the misery of boredom? The lion pacing the Zoological cage with angry eye and lashing tail is a peaceful spectacle in comparison, and the imprisoned eagle a figure of tragic resignation. If you have not encountered an atom of incorrigibly restless humanity suffering the wretchedness of idleness, you will never understand my feelings when I called on the Right Hon. Winston Churchill at a charming house he was living in some years ago in South Kensington. I shall never forget the scene. It was a wintry afternoon and a great fire was roaring on the hearth. Before it crouched the figure of Mr. Churchill in a large arm-chair. But the fire and the arm-chair with its cushioned ease gave him no comfort. The heavy brows scowled and the eyes suddenly flashed in anger. His complaint was that he had "nothing to do," then he added: "How terrible it would be to get resigned to a state like this."

And here was the truth of all Mr. Churchill's unhappiness, weariness and distress. His restless energy was maddened at the knowledge that for the moment it was unemployed. You see, he had left the Government.

It was towards the close of that wintry afternoon after he had pulled out all his war maps and explained the military situation as he saw it, and believed it would develop as no other living statesman could have possibly explained it, that I came very close to the heart and mind of Mr. Churchill. "It looks as if they are fooling away their chances at the front; but I can do nothing," he told me. "None of us can do anything without power."

In that phrase you have an explanation of Mr. Churchill. His master passion is a longing for power. Not a self-seeking man, he craves always to be engaged on some momentous enterprise in which he believes, with the faith of positive fanaticism, that he alone amongst his countrymen can guide the forces of triumph. Honours, decorations, all the pomp and circumstance beloved of a person like Lord Curzon, mean nothing to him. But give him a large task in statesmanship, free hands and an unfettered will, and Mr. Churchill would be happier than all the kings of earth put together. In this we have the answer to the Churchill riddle—the cause and origin of his exciting successes and amazing failures.

The gods of chance were none too kind to Mr. Churchill. One by one his great schemes for winning the war collapsed in failure. There was Antwerp; the terrible bungle of the tanks—Mr. Churchill, some say, was responsible for the tanks, but not for their foolishly premature use—and finally the even more tragic disaster of the Dardanelles. But Lord Morley was right in seeing that Britain possessed in Mr. Churchill a statesman determined to employ, to conquer the Germans, every scheme and stratagem of ingenuity that a tireless energy could execute. He started magnificently, because he saw to it that Britain was not left without a fleet when war was thrust upon us. He made failures afterwards, but he was always trying—ceaselessly trying—to win the war. Many of his colleagues did not share the shadow of his failures, but they were men incapable of his enterprise or his effort. They did not share his passionate desire for victory. They wanted to "wait and see." Mr. Asquith, monument of mediocrity, was at the head of affairs with a docile retinue of bewildered puppets caught up in the greatest holocaust the world has ever suffered. These gentry wanted to let the war go on in its own way. Their favourite phrase at that time was: "Leave it to the soldiers." Leave it to the soldiers, mark you, when the soldiers hadn't got shells or tanks or steel helmets or proper means of transport!

Mr. Churchill fought a very lone hand in that period. He pushed and buffeted his way about in all directions, always struggling for a way out to victory. He stood on no ceremony, but entered other people's sacred departments. He tore up miles of red tape. He trod on the corns and the traditions of all sorts of "dug-outs." No wonder his colleagues considered him "a troublesome fellow," and made no secret of their preference for a nice, quiet, respectable war with Germany. They got him out and then Mr. Lloyd George, with the help of Fleet Street, deposed the Asquith regime and although he did not behave with very great civility to Mr. Churchill in the first hours of office, soon realised — with prods from the Harmsworth hydrants—that it would be dangerous to let this figure of indomitable pluck and indefatigable energy spread power and purpose amongst an otherwise lifeless opposition. So Mr. Churchill came back and he has remained back ever since.

Where will he end? Where will this remarkable man find his final place in statesmanship? A friend once asked Lord Rosebery the question, and he replied: "It is difficult to forecast a Churchill's future, but I hope that, unlike his father, poor Randolph, he will remember that in everybody's life there comes an opportunity which, if not seized, never forgets, nor forgives and never returns." The fear of missing his chances explains much that is otherwise unaccountable in Mr. Churchill's career and has had a good deal to do with his restless moods.

Although he abandoned the relics of the Unionist party in sheer impatience years ago, he has always been a constitutionalist, and in this he may wield a new and great influence when the Parties regroup themselves. No one, for instance, would be surprised to hear to-morrow that a number of Communists had been entertained to tea at No. 10, Downing Street, but we should be profoundly astonished to hear of Mr. Churchill extending such reckless hospitality. He, at least, will never shake hands with Bolshevism, Communism or crime masquerading as Socialism, and we may yet live to see—it would be in the irony of such things—the volatile, restless Churchill of the past a steadfast rock of constitutional Government in the future.

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MILLER'S

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally Nonentities.)

To Oscar Asche, Esq., His Majesty's Theatre.

MY DEAR ASCHE,—I am glad to see you stand up to the melancholy mob of blue-minded shriekers who have hailed your new show with shudders and gasps. As I have not yet seen it, I can institute no comparison between the half-dressed in the stalls and those on the stage. But I *do* know that you are attempting faithfully to represent the common garb—or lack of it—of the country in which your scenes are laid. And it is a sufficient reply that the morals of that country are at least as decent as those of your critics, and do not encourage concealment of the body as a stimulant to pursuit of it. And, again, I need not remind you that to the "pure" all things are impure! JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Mark Johnson, Vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Haverstock Hill, N.W.

REVEREND SIR,—That the quality of mercy is not strained so far as you are concerned was clearly proved when at Marylebone Police Court an ex-Service man, who had been out of work for six months, was charged with stealing 5s. 4d. from your offertory box, and you, exercising the true spirit of Christian forbearance, asked for the money to be used on the man's behalf. Would there were more of your sort among the clergy. There would be fewer empty pews in the churches and more of those who scoff would remain to pray. JOHN BULL.

To George Chester Howarth, Esq., Dale Street, Manchester.

SIR,—The swift traffic of the streets is at once a boon and a peril. The former may be increased and the latter much decreased if road-users will obey the police who are there in the interest of all. You recently disobeyed a constable's signal and ran on. When stopped, you first said you did not see his hand and then pleaded ignorance of its import. Finally, you haughtily informed the officer that you were a "leading Magistrate of Manchester, and he could take his own course." This may have been information, but it looks more like intimidation. Now, a common motorist who refuses to conform to regulations, evades the issue before the Court, pleads ignorance, and ends by intimidating an officer, is usually and deservedly heavily punished, and you were lucky to get off with a fine of 20s. A Magistrate should set an example of law observance, and if brought before a Court of Justice should behave with decency and respect. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. K. McMaster, Warden, St. Thomas's Rescue Home, Basingstoke.

MY DEAR MAC,—What language for the ladies! The little birds whisper to me that in an address at Portsmouth you urged women to be independent in paying for their own pleasures and taking their chance as straphangers, as the "old-time chivalry" accorded to them by men rested on unsound, precarious and rotten foundations. I have myself noticed a tendency in men to let the flappers hang on inside tramcars as they can, but the right sort of men will never fail, I am sure, to give up their seats to the old and feeble, to women with babies, and to blind and disabled men. Modern chivalry may have changed its mind a little, but I should be sorry to notice that it had changed its heart.
JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Ernest Bell, Vegetarian Society.

SIR,—Allow me to assure you that there is "no importance in being Ernest"—or even Bell. When will "reformers" of your type realise that your remarks and acts are the worst obstacles to the "reforms" that they propose? You say that you "could think of no more ridiculous sight than people sucking tobacco pipes. No animal does that." Perhaps not, but I could show you certain animals who can sit eating nuts and listening to each other's empty chatter, and whose scorn of your inability to hang from a tree by your tail would be at least as great as your contempt for pipe-smokers. Put *that* in your jaw and chew it! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. J. White, Littleworth, Marlborough.

DEAR MR. WHITE,—If your second name isn't Job it ought to be. First you were wounded in the war, losing the whole of one arm and half the other. Then your wife became seriously ill and spent three months in hospital. During their mother's absence your three children fell sick, and a still further load of anxiety was heaped on your defenceless head. Finally your house was burnt down and the bulk of your household goods were destroyed. In the circumstances, it would not be surprising if like the Scriptural personage I have named you were disposed to "curse God and die." However, I gather that in spite of all you are facing the future with hope and courage. I need no further proof that you are the stuff of which heroes are made. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. Jelley, formerly "The Threepenny Doctor," East London.

DEAR "DOC.,"—I note with interest that you are now turning your attention to tailoring. From fits of one sort, you are devoting your talents to fits of another. From cutting up you have turned to cutting out, and from stitches to stitchery. The tape-measure will now replace the tape-worm in your regard. I trust you will enjoy the transition, and that your patients will suffer *your* fits with as much patience as in your former vocation you suffered theirs.
JOHN BULL.

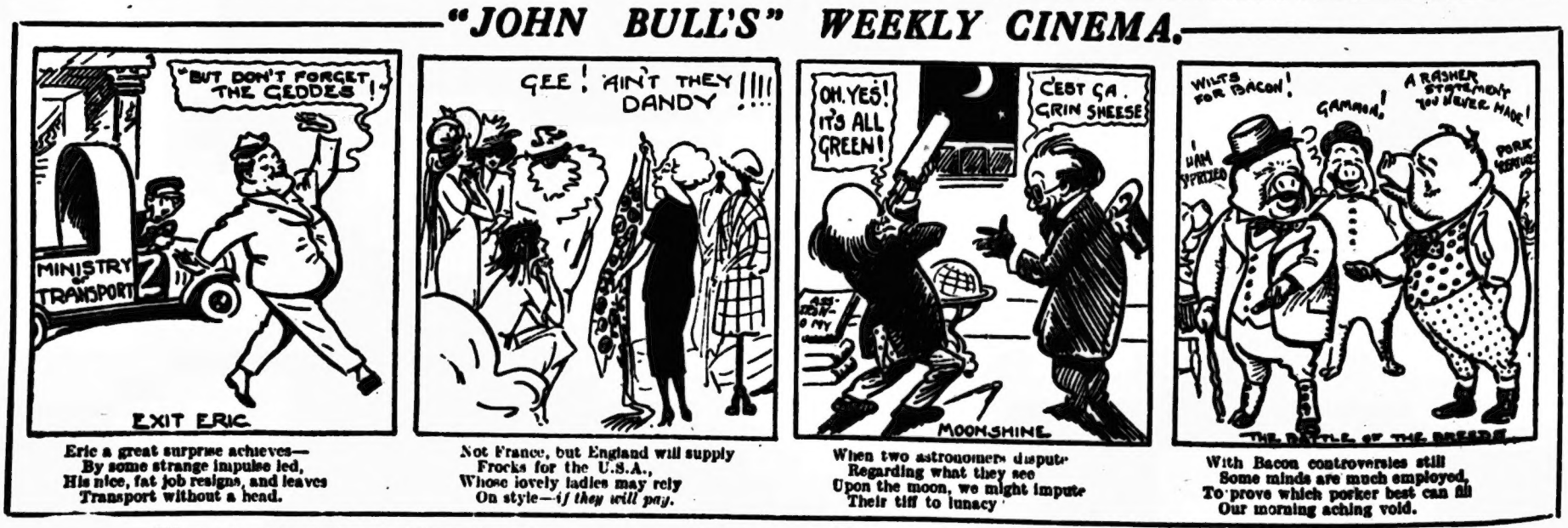
To Henry Fielding, Esq., Town Clerk, Canterbury.

DEAR PLURALIST,—If you had lived earlier, you might have had your place in the "Canterbury Tales" as The Man Who Collected Jobs. I understand you are Clerk to the Town, Sanitary Authorities, Burial Board, Education Authority, Peace, Asylum Committee, and in your spare time you appear to be something of a lawyer. At the rate you are going most of the able-bodied might as well emigrate. There will soon, it seems, be nothing left but Leader of the Girl Guides!
JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. McCudden, Mother of Heroes, Kingston-on-Thames.

DEAR MADAM,—None more worthy than you—daughter, widow, and mother of heroes—could have been selected for the honour of laying on the grave of America's "Unknown Warrior" in Washington the beautiful wreath sent as Britain's tribute of grief, pride, and homage to him and all our American kinsmen who laid down their lives in the Great War. It was like you to wish your name to be concealed, that you might go only as "the Unknown Mother of an Unknown Warrior"; but when the record was read of the glorious service your sons and kinsmen have rendered to Britain and her Empire, your identity—among six hundred mothers—could not be hidden. Your father and your late husband were gallant soldiers, and as many as twenty-five of your near relatives—including all your sons—served with the British Army in the Great War, while two of those splendid lads, with two nephews and your son-in-law—all of distinguished valour—were killed in action. I thank God that your second son, Major James McCudden, V.C., whose heroism is world-famous, is still spared to you. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.



Eric a great surprise achieves—
By some strange impulse led,
His nice, fat job resigns, and leaves
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When two astronomers dispute
Regarding what they see
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With Bacon controversies still
Some minds are much employed,
To prove which porker best can fill
Our morning aching void.

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SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "The Wayfarer."

"Hell-Fire Jack" to Ride Again.

The Cross-Country sport is not over-burdened with first-class jockeys, and the return to the pigskin of Charlie Trigg, the ex-flat race jockey, should be an acquisition to National Hunt racing. Trigg has lately taken up residence at Epsom and has ridden in several good gallops, and intends to apply for a National Hunt licence. In the heyday of his career on the flat, Trigg rode many a fine race.

Crack 'Chaser for Findon.

Robert Gore, the Findon trainer, always knows a good 'chaser when he sees one, and he did not fail to turn his recent holiday in Ireland to good account, for after that fine 'chaser Sir Huon had scored a slashing victory at Baldoyle Gore immediately entered into negotiations for the purchase of the horse, which resulted in Mr. F. Barbour accepting £3,000 for him. Sir Huon is indeed a great timber-topper, and under Gore's charge at Findon is sure to prove well worth the money.

The King's Third Winner.

Egerton House has experienced tantalising luck with the King's horses this season, and prior to the defeat of The Winter King by His Majesty's colt Bowood in the Gatwick Stakes of £880 last week, the Royal colours had been carried first past the post only on two occasions—the winners being John Green for the Bury Handicap of £198 at Newmarket, and Springbuck for the Princess Stakes of £288, also at the Turf Headquarters. There is yet time for that good colt Joss-House to go one better than his last three races.

Racegoers' Attack on Donoghue.

Many people at the recent Gatwick Meeting wondered why Steve Donoghue was not seen in the saddle on the second day of the fixture, but the fact is Donoghue refused to accept any mounts on that day on account of the insults which were thrown at him by the crowd near the unsaddling enclosure when he returned to weigh in after he had been beaten on The Winter King the previous afternoon. Some people apparently think that because Donoghue is our champion jockey he must win on any old thing, but on this occasion he was beaten fairly and squarely by a very clever little rider in W. Lister, whose mount, Bowood, was receiving 19 lb. from The Winter King.

The Cambridgeshire.

Indications at the time of writing are that there will be a large field for the Cambridgeshire, and among the runners will be representatives from France in Hollister, and from Belgium in Evergay. There is a big suggestion of England about Hollister, however, for the colt's sire, Sunstar, won the Derby, and his dam, Our Lassie, carried off the Oaks. Hollister and Evergay have shown respectable form in their own countries, but may not be good enough to beat such as Abbots Trace, Black Gown, Franklin or Lacrosse, and the best of the bunch may be B. Carslake's mount Lacrosse.

Clever Nomenclature.

There is something original about the naming of Mr. R. V. Hartley's horses John Fall and Mrs. Fall, the full brother and sister by Hector—Best Birthday, for they derive their names from their breeder, Mr. John T. Fall. The colt is decidedly one of the useful sort, for he won a good race at Gosforth Park last week, and two days later at Doncaster he found only one too good for him in the Falmouth Nursery—Gilpin's Welsh Spear, a son of Spearmint.

Walden Goes into Business.

Frederick Walden, otherwise "Fanny," has had many irons in the fire, and he never seems to get burned. He doesn't do so badly out of cricket; he is almost worth his weight in gold at football. Not so long ago he started a motor-car business in Northamptonshire, where his home is; now he has gone into partnership with Bert Bliss as a boot retailer. Walden is one of the most unassuming, modest fellows going. It is a fact that when he first arrived at the entrance to the Northampton County Ground, with a bag nearly as big as himself, the gateman told him to go to the boys' entrance!

Breaking New Ground.

It will seem strange to Old Blues, and other lovers of inter-'Varsity Rugger, to go to Twickenham this year for the Oxford and Cambridge match. But I have no doubt, now that the fashion has been set—or rather, tradition broken—that the headquarters of the Rugby Union will have quite as long a run as did Queen's Club, which has been the scene of these struggles every year, beginning with 1887, missing out the war period. Before Queen's Club had it Blackheath did the honours, and before Blackheath the Oval. But the 'Varsity "soccer" people are still sticking to Queen's Club, and their match will be played there on December 10.

A Dip into History.

The Club which wins the F.A. Cup in its Jubilee year—the competition was inaugurated in October, 1871—will hold for one year the third trophy which has been put up for competition. Most of us can recall the sensation caused by the disappearance of the first cup from a shop window in Birmingham when Aston Villa were the holders. That was in 1895, and the cup was never traced. The second cup is now the property of Lord Kinnaird. It was given to him by the F.A. in 1911, and he is exceedingly proud of it. He was in the Wanderers team which won the trophy in 1872-3, the second season of its inception.

Adaptability's the Thing.

One of the new "caps" in England's team against Ireland is Moss, the Aston Villa half-back. When the season opened, a prominent League club, with pots of money but a dearth of talent, offered the Villa a blank cheque for Moss. But no business was done. In the Villa boardroom they said: "Moss will be an international before long." They were right sooner than they expected. And only last season Moss was acting as Harrop's deputy! Another case in which the Villa had a stroke of genius was to put Walker inside left. He was "capped" last year as a centre-forward; now he gets another in his new position. All credit to him.

Penalty of Being Too Good.

Some people are already taking seriously the suggestion that Jess Willard will fight Jack Dempsey for the world's championship next July. Of course, if it comes off, it will be Tex Rickard's show. But if Willard wasn't fit when he held the title and Dempsey pummelled him all over the ring, it is hard to see how he will be more so next year. The only man who could stand up to Dempsey with any chance of success is Harry Wills, the negro. But Jack Johnson's behaviour, and matters of higher politics than boxing, put the veto on Wills; so Dempsey, who is afraid of no one, will probably have to languish because he is in a class by himself. A poor sort of fate for a man active in body and mind.

Jimmy Wilde's Next.

When one boxer in America loses a title to another in the same stable, it doesn't cut much ice. That is what Pete Herman did to Johnny Buff, who will thus come over here next month as the titular bantam-weight champion of the world. He is to meet Jimmy Wilde at Holland Park Rink (under the N.S.C.) either at the end of November or the beginning of December. Because Herman beat Wilde and Buff beat Herman, it doesn't follow that Buff will beat Wilde. You cannot safely draw a line through boxing form that way.

Hard Work and a Nest-Egg.

Jimmy Wilde, by the way, is one of the few first-rate boxers who have made a lot of money—and held on to it. He is part owner of over a dozen picture houses in South Wales, and he has a good deal of house property. Counting his bank balance and his readily realisable assets, Jimmy is worth, I am told, quite £40,000. The foundations of this fortune were laid by real hard work and an ingrained habit of thrift.

The Featherweight Belt.

Next Monday at the N.S.C., Mike Honeyman is to fight Joe Fox of Leeds, who hopes to deprive him of the featherweight belt. But I think Fox is trying just a little more than he can manage. A good many people think that Mr. Bettinson might have taken Joe Fox's war record—or lack of one—into close consideration before staging this contest. But you cannot keep on flouting such an intangible thing as public opinion. One day it takes on a very definite shape, and there is the deuce to pay.

McCormick Steps In.

Mike Gibbons was to be the next opponent for Kid Lewis, European middleweight champion, but Mike says he cannot get over from America until a day or two before the date fixed for the set-to (November 17th), and Major Wilson will have none of that. So Boy McCormick has been matched up. Lewis will be giving away a lot of weight to a man with a fifty per cent. better punch than Johnny Basham. But Lewis has no qualms, and if he is all right on the day I shall certainly put my money on him.

A Mixed Bag.

They are kicking against the prices of admission at League matches in Scotland because, they say, the play is not worth it. On that reckoning, there are some clubs in England who owe the spectators money!

There is a great to-do in France over Mlle. Lenglen's default in America, when Mrs. Mallory was beating her. But they will let Suzanne come to Wimbledon all right next year.

In his shop in Fleet Street Jack Hobbs has for sale quite a collection of sporting trophies, all autographed by different famous men in cricket and football. All the proceeds are to go to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

It is fifty years ago this week that the F.A. Challenge Cup Competition was started. Only twelve clubs took part in the first year, and the Wanderers were the first to win the trophy.

Duncan and Mitchell are back from America, full of ideas, Yankee slang—and a little money. It would be interesting to know what they *really* thought of it all.

The Australians play South Africa in the first Cricket Test at Durban on November 5–9. We read that South African experts "are disinclined to place faith in South African cricket." I wonder who has been telling them things.

Northamptonshire C.C. hope to put financial matters on a more satisfactory basis at the reconstruction meeting on October 31. The club has suffered from lack of organisation due to the presence of too many honorary organisers. Too many cooks——!

For economy's sake, use a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

WORK FOR ALL

The Mountain and the Mouse—Feeble Minis

By THE EDIT

THIS week, I return to the subject of unemployment, which is on everyone's lips, including those of Cabinet Ministers, who are never happier than when talking on subjects which call, not for words simply, but for resolute action. I have, as yet, taken no personal part in these discussions—not through any want of conviction or because of the half-hearted criticisms which have been levelled at my own plans, but because I have a profound respect for the historic amenities of the House of Commons; and until the Court has disposed of the first stage of the criminal proceedings which I have felt it necessary to institute for the protection of my reputation as a public man, I am anxious not to do anything which might in any way embarrass my Parliamentary colleagues. However, that by the way. I shall continue to use my pen as vigorously as I can in the effort to befriend the ex-Servicemen and their dependents, who are the principal victims of the present wave of unemployment; and in this connection I want, first of all, to express my profound disappointment at the scope and character of the "remedies" outlined by the Prime Minister in last week's debate. After much labour, the mountain has indeed brought forth a mouse—and a measly rodent it is from all I have been able to see of it in the intervals of leisure I have had to devote to politics in the course of an exciting week. I will examine the details presently, but, in the meantime, let me say where I think Mr. Lloyd George has gone utterly wrong. For all his active human sympathies, this wonderful little Welshman seems to suffer at times from a singular sluggishness of imagination, and I confess that I have been disheartened and depressed by his evident failure to appreciate the nature and intensity of the sufferings endured by a large section of the population through their inability to find the means of livelihood. I suppose the fact of the matter is that in these days the right honourable gentleman is compelled to get his information at second-hand, with the result that occasionally he loses that grip of realities which, in the early years of his struggle for fame, was among the most attractive of the great qualities which endeared him to masses of the British people.

Disappointment and Delay.

This question of unemployment furnishes a case in point, and to those of us who remember the old Lloyd George—ever the vigorous champion of the down-trodden and oppressed—there is something rather pitiable in the pliant sophistries and rhetorical subterfuges with which he now seeks to evade the plain demands of a situation which grows more desperate every day. There was a time when the intrepid leader of the Radical stalwarts recognised the "Right to Work" as an essential element of British citizenship, and was ready to fight for it upon any and every occasion, sparing no one in the process and scorning the timid counsels of those who sought to restrain his crusading zeal. Not so to-day. The proposals of the Cabinet, as expounded by the Prime Minister, hardly touch the fringe of the problem, the essence of which—as I have all along pointed out—is to find work *at once* for those who need it, and so draw the fangs of the wolf of hunger which is the dread of thousands of families in this land that was to be made "fit for heroes"! It seems that the ironical repetition of this phrase has rather got on the nerves of the Prime Minister, who now comes forward with a proposal which gives the lie to his earlier promises. Instead of providing work for the heroes in the country of their birth, which they fought to ransom from foreign aggression, he coolly proposes to find £300,000 of public money to ship them off to the Dominions, where it seems to be assumed there is work for all who want it—which is, of course, a fairy-tale as fantastic as Peter Pan; for there is not one of the self-governing Dominions but has its own unemployment problem; and if the Prime Minister knew as much about emigration as I do, and had had the experience of speaking face to face with the misguided victims of official promises on the subject, I fancy he would talk a little less glibly about sending ex-Service men across the seas in search of work and wages. Besides, the suggestion is an insult to the men who fought and bled for their King and Country in the hour of peril, and I marvel at the effrontery of any statesman who, when the cry of his starving fellow-citizens assails his ears, coolly proposes to ship them abroad with no more thought than might be given to a cargo of cattle. The remaining features of the Government scheme are equally disappointing, and I am sick and tired of all this highfalutin talk about export credits which, as every business man knows, will take months to mature, and offer at the best only a partial and doubtful solution of a problem that clamours for practical treatment here and now. I really have no patience to go through the scheme in detail, or to consider whether within any reasonable space of time—this year, next year, some time, never—it will lead to a revival of trade and a fall in the unemployment returns. This leisurely sort of argument does not fit the case. There are one or two more direct questions that must be answered before we indulge in speculative inquiries about the remote effects of a plan whose practical merits seem to be out of proportion to the time occupied in its preparation since first it was announced with a fanfare of trumpets that the Prime Minister was bringing his mind to bear upon a question which "brooked no delay." Will these grandiose schemes put a single unemployed man into work this side of Christmas? I am not talking of doles, mark you, but of honest labour that is consistent with self-respect, and will allow a man to remember that he was once called a "hero" and made much of by those who are apt now, like the Levite of old, to "pass by on the other side." Is there a single clause in the Cabinet scheme which will lift the load of care from the mind of the father of a family who is out of a job, and sees nothing in front of him for the coming winter but the black shapes of hunger, misery, and want? The poor fellow must have patience, you perhaps will tell me—but how in God's name can a man be patient while his strong muscles are sagging for want of use. and

It's rather apt to disappoint,
When you've been looking for a joint,

BY CHRISTMAS!

inisterial Policy—Mine the Only Scheme.

DITOR.

his heart aching with pity for his own flesh and blood who, through the misfortune that has befallen him, are losing all that life held of promise and hope? The spectacle makes my blood boil, and I say deliberately that those at the helm of affairs who cannot find a remedy for this state of things are not statesmen but cowards and poltroons, of whom the best that can be said is that they have not soul and imagination enough to *feel* the necessity for immediate and drastic action. My own plans—of which my readers are already in full possession—have at least the merit that they will furnish immediate employment for thousands of men who are at present idle—through the medium of enterprises which it is an ignorant misuse of language to describe as "non-productive," and I honestly believe if they were put in hand at once in good earnest, we might have "work for all" by Christmas. Why on earth are the Cabinet still boggling at my Channel Tunnel proposal, which, as everyone knows, is more than ripe for execution, and would of itself go a long way towards absorbing the surplus labour which is the essence of our problem? The only excuse offered so far is that before any such scheme could be undertaken there would have to be a diplomatic conference between Great Britain and France, so as to ensure the safety of both countries in the event of war. But if this is the stumbling-block, why were not steps taken to remove it twelve months ago when Mr. Bonar Law, in reply to a question of mine in the House of Commons, intimated that the whole project was under consideration, and that an early decision might be expected? I have before me the report of the deputation which waited upon the Prime Minister two years ago, and I notice in the course of the discussion which then took place. Mr. J. R Clynes. M.P., warned the Government that a period of unemployment was coming and that this "work of reconstruction," which, incidentally, would cement the bonds between England and France, might fitly be regarded as a stand-by in case of need. I am struck by the complete absence of any effective criticism of the suggestions I have put forward, the general view being that, in my proposals to build the Channel Tunnel and to reorganise our British system of canals and waterways—to mention only two of the constructive projects I have laid down—lies the only solid hope of an early respite from these economic evils. I do not understand the Prime Minister when he says that public works of this description are no better than doles. It seems to me that talking in this way is simply playing and paltering with a desperate situation. Surely there is all the difference in the world between setting a man to work at a job that wants doing—even if the capital has to be found from public sources—and paying him a weekly pittance from the rates, while he contributes nothing of permanent value in return. True, the scheme has its defects, and no one can be more sensible of them than I am, but the alternatives are hunger and destitution, breeding despair and sowing the seeds of revolution. In such a dilemma no sensible man can hesitate to choose the path which points to safety. The times are bad. Let us use them to the best advantage. There are roads to be built which will improve the means of transport against a better day. There are houses wanted, which can easily be built if only we give private enterprise a chance and organise our labour resources upon commonsense lines. The canals and waterways can be taken in hand and made to serve the needs of a brighter future. The Channel Tunnel can be started and hurried forward to completion in anticipation of the good time coming, when the needs of commerce will make constant use of it to the mutual advantage of the two great nations which it will permanently unite.

To find there's neither flesh nor fish,
But just a jelly in the dish.

No More Delays.

I wish these Cabinet Ministers of ours would get away from their high and dry economics, which are but poor sustenance for hungry men and women, and pay some regard to what I may call without cant the moral aspects of the situation. I do not believe there would be any tangible commercial risk involved in any of the proposals I have put forward, but surely the most important thing of all is that the workless masses should receive a new message of hope and comfort, and be given some assurance that the Government are seriously concerned to avert the grave perils of the existing situation. I should like to know what satisfaction a workless man is going to derive from a perusal of the Prime Minister's speech, last week, with its wearisome enunciation of pious shibboleths, to which we all agree in principle, but from which no help whatever is to be derived in our present extremity. To all such abstractions he replies in accents which grow sterner as time goes on: "Give me a job." And he wants work—not next year, or still farther on in the future, but here and now, while his children are hungry and his own strength failing for want of proper sustenance. I say it is worth a big sacrifice of abstract economic principle—and of money, too—to meet this demand, which voices an elementary human right which, in this age of democracy, all Parties are bound to recognise. Think of the change that would come over the face of the country if remunerative work was found for all who need it until the "revival of trade" that we hear so much about has some concrete reality outside the perorations of Cabinet Ministers. We should at least have peace and contentment in the land, hope and confidence in the breasts of the workers—and these things alone would be worth a king's ransom. It needs only a little courage on the part of our rulers to put these schemes into practice, and I have shown that by means of an Employment Loan, issued on attractive lines, the whole of the capital could be found without difficulty. If I hammer away at this scheme with wearisome insistence, it is because I recognise that the greatest task which rests upon the shoulders of the State at the present time is to feed its population through the medium of honest labour. The Government are baulking their fences. Once again, I plead for a more earnest effort to extricate the heroes of yesterday from this terrible Slough of Despond

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

"OO' mornin', me lord. 'Ow goes it, Mister Smith—me lord, I *should* say. . . . I'm glad to 'ear it. Wot kin I do for you? . . . *Shavin'?* Shore. 'Ere you are, sir—the usual chair for celebrities. You're quite worthy o' settin' in it. . . . *Glad I think so?* Now, me lord, I don't pretend to believe for a minute thet you care a cuss about my opinion of you, but if you'll allow me to say so, I looks on you as a real, *live* Chancellor, wot we 'aven't always 'ad. The on'y thing I'm afraid of is thet you may be overworkin' yourself. . . . *Wot makes me think thet?* Well, I 'ears a good bit about you from gen'l'men wot drops in 'ere.

* * *

F'rinstance, you've bin doin' wot many Lord Chancellers 'aven't done—you've bin workin' as 'ard as any common or garden Judge in the Courts lately, 'elpin' to overtake arrears. You 'aven't spared yerself, so to speak, w'ich is 'ighly creditable to yer, seein' you occupies the exalted position wot you do. . . . *You don't think nothink o' thet?* P'raps not. . . . Oh, *it's all in the day's work*, is it? Well, if thet's so, some o' the Chancellers o' the parst would 'ave to put in a bit of overtime to make up, wouldn't they? . . . I 'ear, too, sir, thet you're busy on schemes for the reform o' the 'Ouse o' Lords, o' w'ich, as they ses, you're a *h*ornament. With regard to w'ich, I rawther like your suggestion thet peers wot are at the same time Ministers o' the Crown should be allowed to speak in the 'Ouse o' Commons. But, o' course—if you don't mind me sayin' so—with proper safeguards. The privileges o' the Commons 'as to be protected, so to speak. You wouldn't suggest thet them peers would be allowed to crorss the bar of the 'Ouse, would you? Or would you 'ave a special place arranged for 'em w'ere they could speak to the 'Ouse without ackcherly bein' in the 'Ouse? . . . Oh, *details 'asn't bin worked out yet.* Quite so. But you know wot the 'Ouse o' Commons is, you 'avin' bin in it yourself. They're a jealous lot, so fur as I kin make out. But I dessay they're intitled to be an' thet it's all for the good o' the country. Their pertickler privileges 'ave bin 'ard won over 'undreds o' years, an' they mustn't give none o' them away. . . . Oh, yes, I know the Lords' 'ave done a good deal in the parst—not to speak o' the present—to preserve an' increase the liberties o' the people. But sometimes it was done by accident, wasn't it, me lord? Ha! Ha! . . . .

* * *

Well, me lord, w'en are we goin' to see you Prime Minister? . . . *Surprised by the question?* Go *h*on, sir! Now, *don't* try to come it with me, me lord. You know well enough you're well in the runnin', an' it wouldn't surprise me if, should these 'ere Irish negotiations break down, an' Parliament was to dissolve, you was sent for by the King to form a new Ministry. And I ain't so shore thet it wouldn't be a good move. You're a young man, fur one thing, with more than many an old man's experience; an' thet's the sorter man we want to lead the country in times like these . . . Well, me lord, I 'ope I've give you satisfaction. If I may say it as shouldn't, I've give you a shave thet any Lord Chancellor might be proud of, an' no errer! . . . Thank you, sir; goo'day, sir! I'm much erbliged, I'm shore.

EXTRA TURNS.

BY PUBLIC PATTERERS.

THE TWO LADY MEMBERS.

DUET: The Sisters Astor-Wintringham
Before you now appear,
Who (as the Manager looks on)
Would thank you for a cheer!
The only women on the bill,
We feel a trifle shy——

MRS. W. and LADY A.: Well, speaking for myself, *I* do!
Excuse *me*, so do *I!*

BOTH: Oh, well, we'll let it go at that:
We both embarrassed feel,
But the discomfort suffer for
The British Commonweal!!

LADY A.: Yes, probably we are the two most self-sacrificing women in England to-day.

MRS. W.: Really, I'm not so sure. It is a great privilege to sit among the men who are guiding the destinies of the Empire.

LADY A.: Say, give that sob-stuff a miss, ma'am. Guiding the destinies of the Empire! Don't make me laff! Guiding the destinies of the Empire Music-Hall, p'raps! Not a cent. more. You must get it right out of your head, my dear, that it's a privilege to be a woman M.P. It's a *right!* As for the men, well, *I* know their tricks and their manners!

MRS. W.: Well, *I* felt it was a public duty to fight for my seat. As for the men, I respect them. My husband was one.

LADY A.: So was one of mine, and I'm not saying my present one isn't. But come along, my *dear*, let's do a little jazz down the Terrace. We shall hear the division bell from there quite easily.

MRS. W.: One moment. I've heard there was only one Member of the House who was not pleased to hear of my success in the election. Who was he?

LADY A.: Who was he? I'm afraid I couldn't tell you who *he* was.

MRS. W.: You *say* that, but you know! I see it in your face!

LADY A.: What do you see in my face?

MRS. W.: *That* you know! Oh, tell me!

LADY A.: That I know what?

MRS. W.: The Member who hated my coming to Westminster. Who was he?

LADY A.: Don't Astor nuther question about it.

MRS. W.: Was it someone dear to you?

LADY A.: Rather! And someone *near* to you.

MRS. W.: This is terrible!

LADY A.: Come, come! Forget all that nonsense. For self-protection, we must form a Party. I will be the leader, and you will be the—the—Party.

MRS. W.: Never! I will be no party to such a scheme! I will carry out the promises I gave my constituents—or perish in the attempt!

LADY A.: Oh, well, if that's the way you feel, we'll say no more about it. But that is no reason why we should not sing our duet again.

DUET: The Sisters Astor-Wintringham
Before you now appear,
But what's the good we're going to do
At present isn't clear!
Oh, well, we'll let it go at that;
Let it suffice that we
Are the first British women who
Can sign themselves M.P.!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WORCESTER DAILY TIMES":—"He had been convicted of stealing 7 lb. of BEEF, for which he was sentenced to a month for FOWL stealing."

"COMPANION LIBRARY":—"Mrs. Wynn had watched as in a dream the ONE-ARMED man's big HANDS creeping along the panels of the wall."

"CALCUTTA STATESMAN" (advertisement):—"Complete Mess Dress... to fit a person from 9 FT. TO 10½ FT."

"GIRLS' FRIEND LIBRARY":—"He reached forward and TOOK HER LEFT WRIST IN HIS OWN."

"CORNISH AND DEVON POST":—"Mr. ——— also has splendid specimens of apples, some measuring 14½ inches in circumference and 14½ INCHES IN WEIGHT."

MESSRS. J. SMITH & Co., QUETTA (postcard announcement):—"Auction. . . . The property of Officers left the Station, consisting of One DAMAGED Motor Car Engine, etc., IN EXCELLENT CONDITION."

"HERTFORDSHIRE MERCURY":—"The HAPPY NUMEROUS AND USEFUL PRESENTS are taking up residence in the village, where they have the extended well wishes of the local people."

"DAILY NEWS":—"A train was derailed at Thulin, THROUGH THE EXPANSION OF THE PARKS AND PROMENADES."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"Godfrey Brabazon was now reaching into the EMPTY pot, and FROM IT HE TOOK . . . A DOZEN TINY OBJECTS, of reddish-brown metal."

"NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Eighteen gigantic fossilised TURTLES . . . have been unearthed near Valencia. THE MAGISTRATE IMPOSED A FINE OF 20s. OR ELEVEN DAYS ON EACH OF THE DEFENDANTS."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"Mr. J. R. Macdonald dealt with maintenance of those for whom UNEMPLOYMENT cannot be found."

"BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS":—"Told that he would be arrested, prisoner CLUTCHED THE RAILWAYS, but with assistance he was taken to the Police Station."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

That prices are rapidly coming down to pre-war level is clearly shown by our advertisements. For instance, this week, an excellent British-made gramophone is offered by the Excello Company for 39s. 6d., and it can be purchased by instalments.

The prices mentioned in S. A. Barry and Company's advertisement of men's clothing are equally attractive, particularly when it is remembered that all garments are made to measure, and the firm are especially careful as to the fit. Theirs, by the way, is one of the most original advertisements we have seen.

Other interesting items are:—

George Weston & Co., Officers' Army Trench-coats at 75s. each, with oilskin interlining, and with detachable fleece lining.

Sartor Manufacturing Company—splendid all-wool white blankets at 22s. 6d. per pair, post free.

Waverley Book Company—handsome free booklet regarding their well-known work, "The Amateur Mechanic."

Graves'—cutlery on the instalment plan.

Harrill's Stores—a kitchen outfit for 20s.

Bolsom Brothers—excellent all-leather boots for 20s. per pair.

Wilkinson Sword Company—steel razors at 9s. 6d. each.

The Thelwall Piano Course and A.B.C. School of Drawing offer free booklets regarding their home study courses.

Some of the other interesting items are included in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching," on page 13, and every advertisement is guaranteed by JOHN BULL—see page iii of cover.

You are entitled to a "JOHN BULL" Pen. See coupon on page 14

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

1½ per line. 'Minimum 3 lines.'

BEST AND CHEAPEST wholesale warehouse for beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples.—Send for Catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your Advertisement inserted in 58 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

ARMY SURPLUS, New Goods.—Officers' Tan Boots and Shoes, 15/6; Australian Government Leggings, 12/6 (postage 1/-). Send for list; approval. Cash refunded. Thousands of bargains. Army Stores, 70, Prince of Wales Road, Norwich.

5/- PER YD. Fleecy Overcoatings, Serges 5/-. All-wool Blue Nap, 10/6. Tweeds from 4/6. Any length. Patts. free.—Worsted Mfg. Co., Dept. 10, 81, Exchange, Huddersfield.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

AN OVERCOAT TURNED SUCCESSFULLY. —Book and prices.—Write Invisible Repair Co., Dept. J.B., St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

"HOW TO BECOME A FILM ARTISTE." The guide to the Screen.—Price 2/3, post free, from "Pictures," Ltd., 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES.—Greatest bargains ever offered.—Latest hornless cabinet models, solid oak throughout. Full price, 39/6. Sent on appro. Money back if not satisfied. Art catalogue free from actual makers.—Excello Gramophone Co., Dept. J.B., 52-54, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

LADIES, save money, make your own gloves, hats, Dorothy bags, table centres. I sell nice leather in all colours at 1/3 sq. ft. Send 2d. additional envelope full set patt.—Catt, Leather Merchant, Northampton.

WALLPAPER from 7½d. per roll. Pattern book post free. Satisfaction guaranteed.—County Wallpaper Stores, 53, Cross Street, Southport.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE." — This little message will bring you the greatest money-saving Guide ever published. Cycles, Tyres, and Thousands of Accessories.—H. Fitzpatrick (Dept. 52), Burnley.

"CINEMA PLAYS: HOW TO WRITE AND SELL THEM." Tells you how to make money at this fascinating pursuit. Price 3/9, post free.—"Pictures" Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

A FASHIONABLE COSTUME for 35/9; marvellous Value. John Noble's lead in bringing prices down. Send for patterns, also ask for New Bargain Catalogue, sent free. John Noble, Ltd., Brook Street Mills, Manchester.

AUTOMATIC Rug-Machine. Makes Wool or cloth rug in an hour. Forms profitable hobby. Extra strong. Price 2/9 (postage 3d.).—Send now, 2/- P.O. to E. J. R. and Co. (Dept. J.B.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

"GREGG SHORTHAND wins World's Championship." The system is based on longhand, is easy to learn, easy to write, and easy to read. Send 3d. stamps for first two lessons, post free.—The Gregg Publishing Company, 7, Garrick Street, London, W.C.2.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-Skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 38 ex-Service men and 18 to 26 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage Allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over, with allowance for children.—For particulars write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Crown Bldgs., James Watt St., Birmingham; or 295, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St. Anne St., Liverpool; or 15, Old Town St., Plymouth.

GOOD NEWS FOR PICTURE POSTCARD Collectors. Our Victory packet of sixty postcards of film favourites, all different, price 3/-; post free, pleases every purchaser.—"Pictures" Packet Dept., 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"DEAUVILLE" MAC Featherweight Stormcoat, 20 oz. weight. Ladies' and Gent.'s 30/-. Absolutely Waterproof. Patterns Free. Mellor and Fink, 65, Market St., Manchester.

GOOD SPARE TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, Cash or Credit. No outlay, liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission.—"Freeman's," Contractors, H.M. Government, Lavender Hill, London.

SET OF TIMBER for full-sized Bedstead, Ash, oak, planed, 27/6, 30/-. Squared, Bored, ready for putting together, 42/6, 45/-. Will send set on receipt of cash. — Winstanley, Grange, Urmston, Manchester.

TATTOOING or Tattoo Removing by experienced Specialist. T. or T. R. Outfits complete from 3/6. C. B. Davis, 289, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1

CRUETS! CRUETS! — Handsome Sterling Silver-Plated Cruets, fitted China or Glass, 7/6, worth double. Few only left. Case of Carvers, Ivorine Handles, Sheffield Steel, velvet lined cases, 15/6; usual price 25/-. 176 only left. To secure, order early. Large Illustrated Catalogue sent post free.—H. Samuel, Ltd. (established over half a century), 199, Market Street, Manchester.

EARN £5 a week by selling boots on commission; an astounding offer; easy work; generous pay; a straightforward proposition.—Write at once for particulars, Maximum Shoe Co., Ltd., Dept. 92, Maximum Works, Northampton.

THE "PICTUREGOER" PORTFOLIO of 16 Beautiful Photogravure Portraits of Kinema Stars is a pre-war bargain.—Price 1/2, post free, from Pictures, Ltd., (Dept. B.), 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ASTHMA CURED.—The reliable and effectual remedy is Dr. Douglas' Maori Cigarettes. 40 years' successful use. 2/6 per box.—Maori Depot, Scone, Scotland.

CHARLES CHAPLIN
(THE CINEMA KING) IN HIS
ALL-WOOL BARRY OVERCOAT.

Here is direct, conclusive proof of our ability as Mail-Order Tailors. It indicates why we undertake to refund more than you actually have paid us if we fail to fit you perfectly from self-measures.

When CHARLIE CHAPLIN, the Cinema King, was in London, we waited upon him personally with an overcoat which we had cut and tailored merely from seeing and studying a Charlie Chaplin picture-card. We solemnly declare this to be the truth, and will pay £1,000 to any charity if the facts are not as stated.

Mr. CHAPLIN in this picture is seen at the Ritz Hotel, London, in his BARRY OVERCOAT. The overcoat was tried on before a representative gathering of Pressmen and was declared by Mr. CHAPLIN to be a perfect-fitting Coat in every respect. Note the fit of the collar, the fall of the lapels, the general lay of the body of the Coat. You will admit it is perfection. We declare that the photograph is untouched in any of these details, and that the photograph, excellent as it is, does not really do justice to the actual perfection of Mr. CHAPLIN'S Coat as it appeared before these Pressmen.

We can fit you as well as we fitted Mr. Charles Chaplin.

A £6-6-0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL OVERCOAT
TO MEASURE for £3-3-0

These Tweeds bear the impress of the SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION and need no other guarantee than this.

They are cut, made and trimmed to perfection. They are beyond competition.

AN UNPARALLELED GUARANTEE.—If for any reason whatsoever you do not consider this Pure Wool Overcoat to measure the finest value you have ever enjoyed, return the Coat, and we will refund not only the £3 3s., but 2s. 6d. more to compensate you for loss of time. That is the BARRY Guarantee. Dare we make such an offer, we ask, if we could not live up to what we claim?

Other BARRY features are

A £5 5 0 PURE WOOL OVERCOAT to measure for £2 17 6

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(As worn by J. DIMMOCK, Tottenham Hotspurs).

A £6 6 0 ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT, £3 10 0
Indigo dyed, London shrunk, and Guaranteed ALL WOOL, by BRADFORD CORPORATION TESTING HOUSE CERTIFICATE.

A £4 4 0 YORKSHIRE TWEED SUIT for £2 10 0, to measure

Send for Free Patterns of all these Cloths. A postcard will bring them per return. Tweeds, Cheviots Vicunas, Serges, Homespuns, for your quiet consideration.

OUR SELF-MEASUREMENT SYSTEM is unfailing. Whether you call, or whether you send measures on, one of our sure, unerring self-measuring charts, we guarantee to fit you as perfectly as we fitted Charlie Chaplin. There is positively no risk, otherwise we could not undertake to refund you 2s. 6d. more than you pay in the event of our not carrying out our undertaking. No risk, no delay. Orders are faithfully delivered in seven days whether you order by post or whether you call.

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S. A. BARRY & CO.
EXCLUSIVE MEASURE TAILORS.

(J.B.) 16, City Road, London, E.C.1.
(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.)

RHEUMATISM

The racking nerve pains caused by Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuralgia are quickly removed by rubbing a little of Dr. Bengue's Balsam well into the affected parts.

The great value of Dr. Bengue's Balsam is due to its wonderful soothing and healing properties, which calm the nerves and kill the pain almost instantly.

Dr BENGUES
Removes the Pain **BALSAM**

Of all Chemists, price 2/- and 3/-
Pamphlet sent post free on receipt of postcard.

Dr. BENGUE & Co.,
52d. Charlotte St., London, W.1.

Buy your
FURS
WHOLESALE
AND
make certain of **BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR MONEY.**

The finest selection in London to choose from. Elegant Model Fur Coats, beautiful Fur Stoles and Wraps, all at **WHOLESALE PRICES** and of guaranteed quality. *Call or write*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
145, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.
(Showrooms: First Floor.)

Gibbs
Ivory Castle Fairy Book
and sample of
Gibbs Dentifrice
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THE only really sure way to keep the kiddies' teeth sound is to make the boys and girls take an interest in the matter *themselves*—and that is just what Gibbs "Ivory Castle Fairy Book" does.

Once the children have read the pretty, simple stories about the elves who build "Ivory Castles" (which are their teeth), and guard them against the attacks of Giant Decay and the Caries Imps, all the old attempts to "shirk" tooth cleaning quickly disappear. **Send at once** 2d. for postage *and* your name and address for your FREE copy of "Gibbs Ivory Castle Fairy Book" and sample of Gibbs Dentifrice.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd., (Dept. 1513), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1.

BE A BRILLIANT PIANIST.
Without drudgery, Fatigue or Years of Study. **The System Written and Conducted by a MUSICIAN.** Wonderful results have been obtained by my method. Don't waste a moment. Send a postcard at once for particulars of FREE Keyboard Diagram and my booklet, "Training v. Teaching." Diploma granted. Please state if Mr., Mrs. or Miss. R. WRIGHT-HIGGINS, F.R.C.O., L.Mus., T.C.L., 7, Oak House, Parkhurst Road, London, N.7.

TOMMY, JACK AND BADGERS.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

The Loyal Leinsters:—The 1st Battalion of the Leinsters are in the Nilgius Hills, in India. The Church of England youngsters are compelled to parade in the Roman Catholic Church as choir boys. This is distinctly against regulations. Who is responsible? Evidently complaints to the officers are of no avail.

Ballyvonare Camp:—For years we have been doing our best to have Ballyvonare camp made a happy show. Will, oh, will the officer in command parade the men, ask them for their complaints, and so far as King's Regulations will permit, remedy them? We love the boys, and would rather hear their joy-songs than their legitimate grouses.

Congrats:—We congratulate a battery at Nowgong, India, which has rid itself of Bolshies who broke into a shop in the bazaar, got drunk and struck N.C.O.s, removed a cash box while on guard over same, and stole money to the value of Rs. 8,000. As they could not pervert the gunners they "went large." It is time for us to weed out the enlisted "Red Flag" fellows whose job is to turn into rebels our good loyal British soldiers. They are easily found out—and we do not want them. They have been induced to join by their political masters for a sinister purpose. We congratulate the officers of the 24th (M) Battery on their work.

The Cameron Clan's Medals:—Practically all the British War and Victory Medals for the Cameron Highlanders are now ready for issue. To facilitate the work of distribution, all eligible ex-soldiers whose service terminated with the Cameron Highlanders should apply to the Officer i.c., Infantry Record Office (Cameron Highlanders Section), Perth, quoting the regimental number held on discharge.

"Chuck him out, the Brute":—So says Kipling. Poor Tommy, if he boards a first-class train at Alexandria, is pulled off by the military police and rudely ordered to travel second class. Eh, what? Is the British defender of the country to be classed as a nigger, and what has the Commander-in-Chief to say about it? He and others must realise that we live in democratic days. Chevrons as badges of servitude have passed for ever. We want recruits.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From Mrs. J. E., Bruntcliffe:—"I thank you very much for getting me my pension, also I have received my back pay this week. Had it not been for you, I would never have got a penny, and I am sure I shall always remember what a good friend I had when I stated my case to you. Please find enclosed for your Fund—10s., and thank you very much."

Jack's Kit:—Late in June, Submarine K 15 sank in harbour, and as a result of inquiry her commanding officer was held to blame. The kits of the crew, when the vessel was salved, were condemned, and Jack had to make good out of his pocket. Up to the present the Admiralty has paid no compensation to the men! We are the richest nation in the world, but the meanest "gaberlungies" on the crust of the earth when called upon to play fair between the Treasury and the men who volunteer their lives to keep the Empire together.

Real "Sports" Penalised:—The essence of sport in England is the spirit towards the visitors of "Go in, boys, and win." If they lose, we say "Better luck next time." At Chisleton the other day there was a football match, and some of the "home" men cheered the visitors. The result was unsportsmanlike, the Regimental Sergeant-major taking the names of the sporting offenders and telling them that "they would have something to cheer for to-morrow." This is not the way to teach men that soldiering is a free-born man's job.

Joe's Hair:—Joe the Marine, of the Plymouth Division, is up against the drastic order abolishing the inverted arch of hair that he was wont to display over his forehead below his cap. The same adornment which no doubt attracted the girls in Union Street was worn years ago by the land-crab Tommy, and was called a "quiff," and the soldier shed tears when it was abolished by regulation.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Jack's Trouble.—During the war our bluejackets and ourselves were close friends. We are still, for we all love Jack. An ex-bluejacket, his wife and two children came to us. The man was, in sea parlance, "on the mud." And, naturally, we sent him away happy.

A Weeping W.A.A.C.—A young woman who served as a W.A.A.C. has no relatives or friends and suffers from a disability, officially decided as not due to service. She wished to get to the South Coast, where she had the offer of a job, and we sent her there.

The Common Lot.—Too numerous to mention in fact. Living in single rooms are father, mother, and children. No work, inadequate parcels of plain food from Guardians, no money for rent. Men are thus converted from honest workers to professional beggars. Heaven help them; we did so, according to our means.

Come and Test It.—For seven years you have helped us to help the distressed. If you wish to satisfy yourselves as to our charitable activities call at JOHN BULL office, where you will see our files showing each letter of application for assistance, each letter of guarantee and the amount granted in each case. Also our audited list of offerings and the receipts from the distressed whom you and we have helped. The whole thing is open to public inspection. Come and prove for yourself.

COME AND WITNESS OUR WORK.

Now for a few minutes' serious talk. Since our last chat, a week ago, we have had many applications, and have visited the humble homes of the applicants. Can you visualise them—you who live in Suburbia, or farther afield, where you live in the heaven-sent country and breathe fresh air, and enjoy the vistas of the trees and the hills? These folk of ours do not live in the suburbs or the country. Poor people, they are mostly herded in the close, evil-smelling slums that we are promised will be abolished one day when our present dreamers have their way.

We have visited the poverty-stricken dens, where live men out of work, their "dole" finished, the Guardians "helping"—God save the "help"—ravening landlords, everything "in pawn," even the bed-clothing, and winter knocking at our door. Think of them; think of the children, some of them wide-eyed, wondering at the man who has visited the "home"; the elder ones, preternaturally sharp, guessing that the stranger has come there to do good, for they have heard their parents talking and speculating.

Let us assure you that the daily round of visits is not quite like a series of calls upon your friends. In nearly every case there is a heart stab, and were the visitor a woman there would be tears. At the present moment there are many demands for help; when the wings of winter flap down, when frost holds sway and the snow mantles the ground we shall be ill-equipped financially for the fray unless you come to our assistance. We address you individually, and severally. You can do with one horn of beer less; you can cut out one bottle of wine or a very dear cigar; you can abandon that useless expensive costume that you have decided to buy to dazzle and make jealous your friends. Think out the rest of the list. And remember that you can always come to our office and see a record of every sixpence sent to your fund and inspect our files, which immediately show to whom and why your money has been sent in response to the S O S signals of the poor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

J. R. A. (Basset Wood), £10; D. C. (Isle of Man), 5s.; Anon. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s. 2d.; "Wood Ham," 5s.; Mrs. E. A. S. (Grantham), 5s.; "Hopeful Meg," 1s.; A. B. M. (Edinburgh), £1; E. G. R. (Alfriston), 4s. 6d.; "Old Age Pensioner" (East Ham), 2s.; B. B., 1s.; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; A. L. (Stanford-le-Hope), 2s. 6d.; "Tod," 2s.; "A Porter's Contented Wife," 2s. 6d.; J. M. (Leith), 10s.; J. H. N., 10s.; S. P. S. (Oxford), 10s.; "Jimmie's Mother," 2s. 6d.; J. A. M. (Tientsin), 1s.; Anon. (Hull), 2s. 6d.; "Toosho" (Belfast), 10s.; W. T. P. (Fife), 1s.; W. F. (Wallasey), £1; E. B. (Balham), 1s.; W. T. (Canterbury), 2s. 6d.; W. G. (Islington), 2s. 6d.; "Lest We Forget," 5s.; T. C. (Chester), 5s.; T. F. P. (Gravesend), 1s.; T. L. (Wath-on-Dearne), 2s. 6d. and parcel; "Ex-Grenadier" (Bulwell), 3s.; "Jeannette" (Scotland), 1s.; A. C. C. (Marston), 6d.; T. H. B. (Guildford), 2s.; E. M. C. (S. Tottenham), 1s.; W. C. T., 1s.; J. E. (Dublin), 2s. 3d.; "6210," 5s.; "Fleet," 10s.; W. W. (Manchester), 10s.; W. O., 1s.; "Lawrence" (Dundee), 1s.; G. E. P. (Eastleigh), 2s. 6d.; "Dewhirst" (Middlesbro'), 3s.; "Sympathy," 5s.; E. G., 1s.; H. C., 6d.; M. D., 6d.; A. B. P., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; E. M. H. (Weston-super-Mare), 1s.; M. B. (Tonypandy), 6d.; W. B., 6d.; H. D., 6d.; A. D. 1s.; "Faithful Reader" (S. Reddish), 2s.; "Mews," 2s.; J. D. (Renfrew), 1s.; T. H. B. (Guildford), 2s.; R. G. L. (Plymouth), 1s.; A. L. R., 2s.; "Terrier Jack," 1s. 2d.; Mrs. R. J. (Salford), 10s.; "Dolores," 2s.; W. O. (Manchester), 1s.; "Save the Children," 1s.; "South Ealing Reader," 4s.; G. S. W., 5s.; "Mac," 2s. 6d.; "A. B." (H.M.S. *Centurion*), 1s.; "Mother of Six," 2s. 6d. and Clothing; "A Bullet Trier," 2s. 6d.; "Gwladys and Kathleen" (Mollington), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. W. (New Orwell), 6d.; T. B. B. (Wolverhampton), 5s.; E. M. T. (Willesden) 5s.; "A Scot," 3s.; "In Memoriam," 10s.; F. H. (Market Harborough), 1s. 6d.; W. S. (Gateshead), 5s. 8d.; "Anglo-Indian," £1; C. D. (Camden Town), 10s.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

The following sums have been contributed by readers who have been good enough to help the fund by means of collecting-boxes at their premises:—

W. Whitewick, The Bell Temperance and Commercial Hotel, 3, Cornhill, Bury St. Edmunds, 2s. 6d.; G. Guthrie, c.o. Anagus and Burns, 142, Second Avenue, Clydebank, 4s. 6d.; Miss M. L. Leach, 52, East Street, Taunton, 1s. 6d.; T. Phillips, Phillips' Restaurant, The Albion, Llandrindod Wells, 3s.; Harris, Australian Arms, Chapman Street, E., 1s. 8d.; W. Purnell, King's Arms, Cable Street, Stepney, E., 8d.; F. H. Matthews, Silver Trumpet, Commercial Road, E., 1s. 6d.; W. Pagoon, The Phœnix, 104, East India Dock Road, E., 2s. 6d.; L. Neal, Discharged Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's Co-operation, High Street, Hounslow, 6s. 4d.

a 10/6 Pen for 2/-

The Schools, Whitchurch, Hants,
8th October, 1921.

Gentlemen,

I feel I must write and tell you how delighted we are with the pens you sent, and wish I had tried them before. Many thanks.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) F. BALL.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 2/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

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Why pay what boot repairers ask
When cobbling's such an easy task?

To Distemper Walls.
To Make Cane.
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To Glue Metals.
To Tar an Outhouse.
To Bind Jewellery.
To Do Bentwood.
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Sheet-Iron Work.
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Drains and Sanitary Pipes.
To Deliver Metals.
To Give Extra Security to Door Locks.
Fret Cutting in Wood.
To Adapt Gas-Fittings to Take Inverted Burners.
To Re-Hide Chair Bottoms.
To Fix Perforated Zinc.
To Re-Upholster a Couch.
To Make an Ornamental Case for Cheap American Clock.
To Re-Tape Venetian Blind.
To Make Bamboo Canes, etc.

To Make an Ottoman Chair from an Old Cask.
To Paint and Paper a House.
To Add a Hood to a Perambulator or Perambulator.
To Repair Pocket Knives.
To Make the "Delta Ray."
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Sign Writing.
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To Make a Folding Camera.
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With Lessons for Young Motormen, Electricians and Engineers.

"Follow the instructions," one buyer writes, **"everything comes out true and perfect."**

MR. BIRCH, Monton Road, near Manchester, writes: "These books are simply fine—they surpass all expectations. I feel sure that if some of these chaps who are out of work could possibly find the money to buy the four volumes of 'The Amateur Mechanic' there would not be much unemployment in the country, as there is a trade on every page."

Another buyer writes (from Manchester): **"It has already earned me pounds in solid cash."**

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THIS WINTER

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Protect Yourself against Burglary.

THE LESSON ON LOCKSMITH'S WORK includes Sections on: Household locks and how to fit them—Mortise locks—The "hand" of a door lock—Rim locks—How to fix a rim lock—Upright locks—Some terms explained—Drawback locks—Dead locks—Night latches—How to fit an ordinary night latch—The Yale pin-tumbler night latch—Fitting a pin-tumbler night latch—Plate or steel locks—Rim latches—Cabinet locks—Fitting straight cupboard locks—Fitting cut cupboard locks—Fitting till or drawer locks—Fitting box or cheat locks—Lock repairing and key cutting—Four-lever latch locks—Renewing broken pin—Renewing broken spring—Cutting a key for a lever lock—Cutting key for a mended lock—Repairing the mortise lock—Cutting key for Yale pin-tumbler latch—Padlocks: Improving a common lock—Worn keyholes in lock plates—Remedying broken bolt—Stuffed keys, etc., etc.

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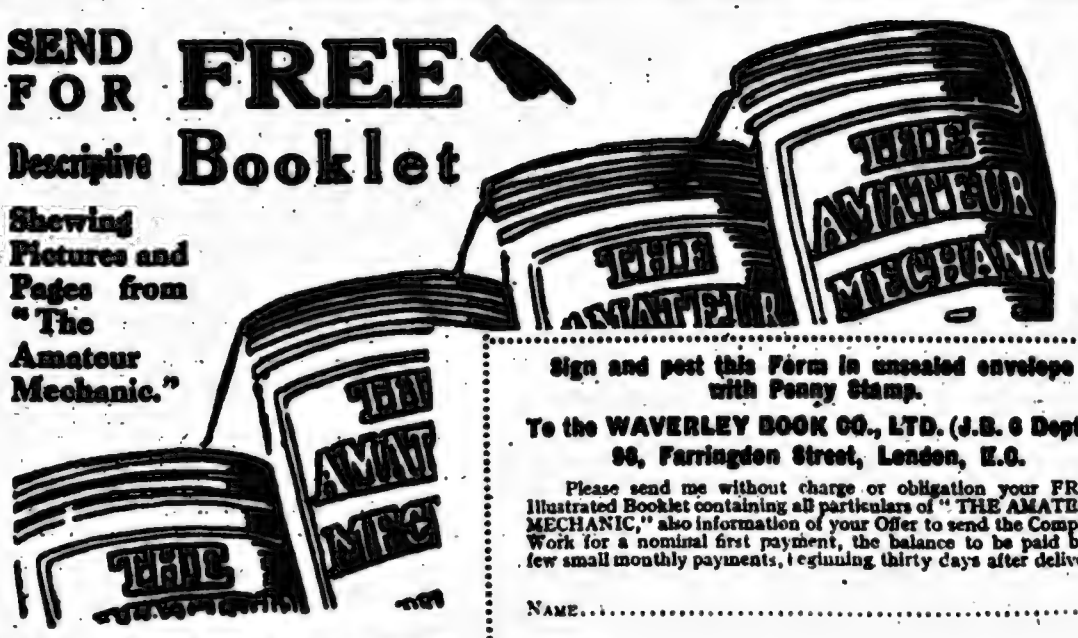

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ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Hopes.

s of an autumn revival on the Stock ave up to the present been notably d markets are passing through ost depressing and difficult periods nemory of Throgmorton Street. time there is hardly a market ..y who does not incline to the view that even a moderate brightening of the financial skies would lead to swift recovery in general security values. Nearly every group of importance is oversold, because "jobbers" think it safest in times like these to be short of stock from day to day, and nearly all sound securities are below their intrinsic worth. But there is now no feeling of confidence in an early improvement in financial and trade conditions, and until that takes place markets seem likely to remain in the slough. The undertone, however, has benefited a little from the Government's proposals for assisting industry and employment.

Foreign Rails

There is no change for the better in the Argentine railway position. The annual reports of the various Companies do not make cheerful reading, and weekly traffics are worse than ever, showing a further contraction compared with last year, though that period was a lean one. United of Havana is another foreign railway stock which has been steadily falling. The Company passed its interim dividend in May, but it was hoped would make it up on the final distribution for the year. Now trade is bad in Cuba as elsewhere, and earnings have further contracted, rendering any dividend doubtful. The stock, therefore, which was 96 a year ago is down into the 40's—another gloomy point for investors.

Mexican Eagles.

Few, if any, speculators in Oil shares or even genuine investors in the market would have credited a year ago that within a comparatively short period Mexican Eagles would fall from 12½ to a fraction over 3. A few months ago I alluded to the American "bear" attack on these shares. It has proved more successful than even its unscrupulous promoters could have anticipated, and at their present depressed level the shares are undoubtedly being bought for New York account. That fact in itself, it might have been thought, would have sufficed to steady the price and bring about a recovery, but it does not do so, mainly because the severity of the fall has so badly crippled speculative interests, particularly in Scotland, that they are still selling shares on any recovery to clear their losses.

An Evil Rumour.

Ill conditioned reports, bred of the present strained condition of the national finances and of the unwillingness of the banks to grant advances even on gilt-edged securities, have lately been spread that the Government contemplates measures for reducing interest rates on its loans. Expressed in terms like that the statement is undoubtedly absolutely untrue, and investors may ignore it. It is quite likely, however, that as the time approaches when outstanding loans may be redeemed, steps will be taken to refund them on lower interest terms. That is only reasonable. Interest yields tend to decrease, as I said at midsummer they would, and the Government is now placing Treasury Bills 1 per cent. or more below the rate they were obliged to pay earlier in the year.

A Leg-up for Local Authorities.

Local Authorities have certainly received their share of post-war troubles. What with unemployment, housing difficulties, and keeping down rates, many of them are at their wits' ends to solve their problems. Their most obstinate difficulty, of course, is lack of money. In most towns rates have touched high-water mark, and cannot be increased without an outcry. Cash for local undertakings must therefore be found in another way, and many Corporations have taken advantage of the Treasury's offer of assistance out of the money invested in National Savings Certificates. Since 1916, when the Savings Movement was started, more than 480 millions of 15s. 6d. Savings Certificates have been sold—which, in plain English, means that some £370,000,000 has been loaned by the British public to the Government in this way. The Government now offers to lend back half of this sum to the Local Authorities for local purposes. So it is obviously to the interest of local ratepayers to support the movement.

—And for the Ratepayer.

This is apparent when it is remembered that the amount which can be borrowed by the Local Authorities depends on the sum invested in Savings Certificates. The Authorities should use all means in their power to secure an increased sale of the Certificates in their districts. By so doing, they will serve the interests of that already overburdened creature, the ratepayer, in several ways. Work will be found for the unemployed, local conditions will be improved, rates *may* go down—at any rate they should not go up—and all by the simple process of asking the ratepayer to increase his own savings!

OFFICERS' ARMY TRENCH COATS

AT **75/-** EACH

Quite 100% below present-day values. These goods can never be duplicated at the price.

Brand New, check lining, oilskin *inter*lining, and with detachable fleece lining

These coats are direct from the Liquidation and Disposal Commission and are guaranteed to be as described above. They are impervious to weather. Worn with the fleece lining, they combine the warmth and comfort of an ulster with the rain-resisting qualities of a stout mackintosh. With this lining detached they are a light, elegant raincoat. Thousands of officers and ex-officers testify to their worth. They will last for years—even war conditions could not wear them out.

When existing stocks are depleted, it will be impossible to buy a *genuine officer's army trench coat* at anything like this price.

When ordering, state height and chest measurement over waistcoat. Chest sizes:—34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 inches.

Prepaid mail orders only are accepted, and if the coat does not give complete satisfaction, money will be at once refunded without question, provided garment is returned undamaged within 7 days.

Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders should be crossed Barclay's Bank Limited. Treasury Notes should be registered.

TWO OTHER LINES OF SUPERB VALUE.

Double-Breasted Leather Motor Coats. Price £6 15 0 each.

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Untainable Elsewhere at Twice the Price.

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"For nine years my legs were covered with eczema," said Mr. A. Kirby, of 19, Rugby Road, Leamington, to a Coventry reporter. "My feet used to swell so much that my boots had to be cut off. *The burning and itching of the sores nearly drove me mad.* I also lost a lot of sleep and my general health was affected.

"I tried numerous remedies, but they did me no good. Treatment at a Birmingham hospital for six months was also a failure, and it seemed as though I should never get better.

"One day my wife bought a box of Zam-Buk, and the first dressing was beautifully cooling and soothing. I therefore persevered with Zam-Buk, which caused the swelling and inflammation to gradually die away. *New healthy skin then appeared* until there was no trace of the eczema. It is 8 years since Zam-Buk cured me, and the eczema has never once returned."

Nothing can compare with this herbal Zam-Buk for its healing, soothing and antiseptic power. Of all Chemists and Drug Stores. Be sure you get Zam-Buk.

Zam-Buk

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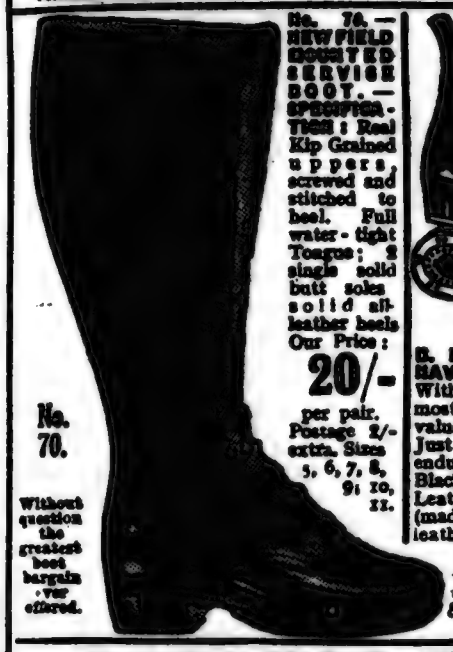
HUGE GOVERNMENT DEAL IN NEW ARMY BOOTS.

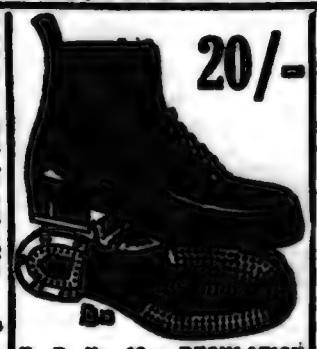
40,000 pairs are all that are left of the great British Government deal in New Regulation Army Boots direct from the Disposals Board. Thousands of readers have already availed themselves of the opportunity given them to be well shod this winter with these boots at 20s. per pair. The Government New Army Boots, Nos. 74 and 76 illustrated below were not built for smart appearance but were made to stand the long days of marching through mud and snow in the Great War. Made of the finest materials procurable, solid leather throughout, they are exactly as issued, passed as perfect by His Majesty's Inspectors and stamped accordingly—they are not rejects, but Government Surplus Stock. Below are also illustrated New Field Mounted Boots, South African Field Boots, Officers' Boots in Black and Tan and Naval pattern boots—the most reliable and ideal boots for comfort and extra hard wear and are thoroughly recommended as being specially suitable in every way for Hikers and Agricultural workers, Mechanics, Engineers, Carters, Motorists, Policemen, Postmen, Engineers, Sportsmen, and, in fact, for every man requiring a serviceable boot for hard continuous wear in all weathers. These are all offered at the one standard price of 20s. per pair and wherever you may select our reliable footwear in the World of best manufacture, you will be well advised to be relied upon to give the utmost satisfaction. So if you wish to ensure being well shod this winter with the most post your order without delay or call now. Open daily until 8 p.m. Saturdays, 9 till 9 p.m.



No. 70.

No. 70.—NEW FIELD MOUNTED SERVICE BOOT.—SPECIFICATION: Real Kip Grained uppers, screwed and stitched to heel. Full water-tight Tongue; 2 single solid butt soles solid all-leather heels Our Price: **20/-** per pair. Postage 2/- extra. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Without question the greatest boot bargain ever offered.



20/-

B.B. No. 18.—REGULATION NAVAL PATTERN BOOT. Without question the strongest, most reliable, and the best value ever given in footwear. Just the boot for hard wear and endurance. Derby pattern stout Black Chrome uppers. No cap. Leather-lined Forepart. Welted (made in the hand-sewn way). All leather. Honestly worth 25/- Our Price: **20/-** Stocked in Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, (11's & 12's, 1/- extra).

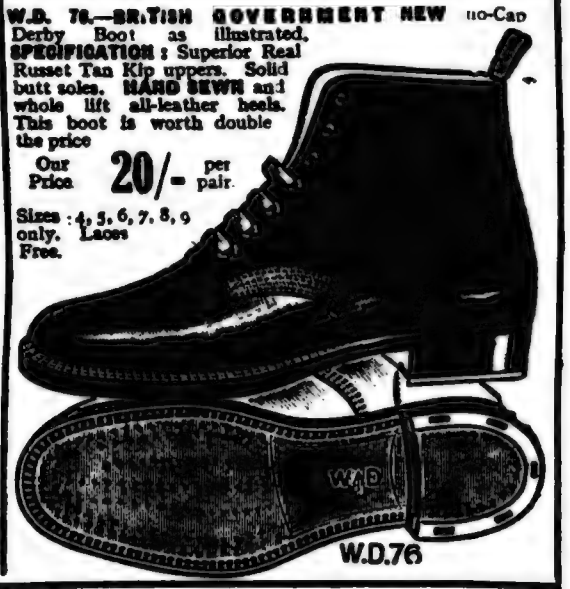
B.B. No. 20. SOUTH AFRICAN WATERPROOF FIELD BOOT IN BLACK OR TAN. SPECIFICATION: Real Black Box Calf, or Superior Tan Calf Uppers. Leather lined throughout, 2 single solid butt soles. Full Waterproof Tongue. No better boot made for smart appearance, comfort and endurance. The ideal Winter boot for every purpose. Worth 45s. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, (11's, 12. extra). Our Price: **20/-**

No. 72

No. 72.—OFFICER'S NEW DERBY BOOT as illustrated. **SPECIFICATION:** Real Tan Calf uppers. Finest quality leather throughout. Leather-lined right through to toe. Solid butt sole. Ideal for Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Country Walking, and all Sports. Worth double. Also ditto in Black. Our Price: **20/-** Sizes—5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. Laces Free.

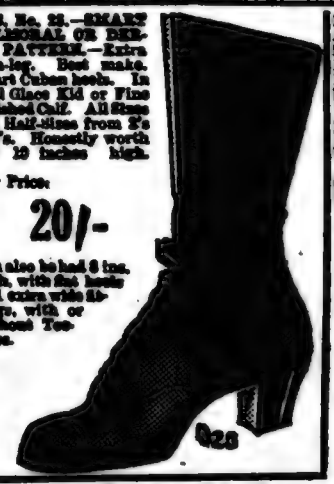
B.B. No. 17.—OUR FAMOUS STOUT DERBY WINTER BLACK OR TAN BOOT.—This boot has been specially built for every purpose. The three main essentials—comfort, smart appearance, and leather of a quality that stands hard, continuous wear—are incorporated in its manufacture. Stout, Derby pattern, with particularly stout soles and Chrome uppers. Every pair warranted and stamped all leather. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, (12's and 13's, 1/- extra). Our Price: **20/-** per pair. Worth 35/-

W.D. 74.—BRITISH GOVERNMENT NEW no-Cap regulation Army Boot, as illustrated. **SPECIFICATION:** Real Kip Grained uppers, waterproof. 2 single solid butt soles. Screwed and stitched to heel. Hobbed as shown. Worth in to-day's market double. Sizes: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12. Laces Free. Our Price **20/-** Special quotations for Clubs, Unions & Welfare Associations.



W.D. 76.—BRITISH GOVERNMENT NEW no-Cap Derby Boot as illustrated. **SPECIFICATION:** Superior Real Russet Tan Kip uppers. Solid butt soles. **HAND SEWN** and whole lift all-leather heels. This boot is worth double the price Our Price **20/-** per pair. Sizes: 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 only. Laces Free.

B.B. No. 58.—LADIES' EXTRA KNEE-LEG LAND AND AFO 'TH ZOO.—Derby pattern. Black. With first quality full Chrome uppers & stout waterproof soles: guaranteed all leather. Can also be had in Black Box Calf or Tan Willow Calf at 28/- These Boots are specially built for comfort and endurance, and made according to Specifications in the finest Northamptonshire factories to meet the need of those requiring a stout, all-leather Boot for use in all weathers. As a Sports Boot it is unequalled. Sizes 2 to 8. Usual Price, 42/- Our Price **20/-**



B.B. No. 21.—SMART BALMORAL OR DERBY PATTERN.—Extra high-leg. Best make. Smart Cuban heels. In Real Glace Kid or Fine Polished Calf. All Sizes and Half-Sizes from 2's to 8's. Honestly worth 24/- 10 inches high. Our Price: **20/-** Can also be had 8 ins. high, with flat heels and extra wide fittings, with or without Toe-Caps.

Cut out this Ad. and keep for future reference

B.B. No. 57.—London's Latest Fashion.—**LADIES' GUSSET SHOE.** In Real Patent Leather or Real Glace Kid, as illustrated; also with plain front (no bars) in both Patent and Glace Kid. London's Price, 35/- Our Price **20/-**

B.B. No. 58G.—FASHION. AGLE CROMWELL SHOE in Real Patent Leather or Real Glace Kid, with large French Paste Buckle. Worth 35/- Our Price: **20/-**

All Sizes: 2's to 8's.

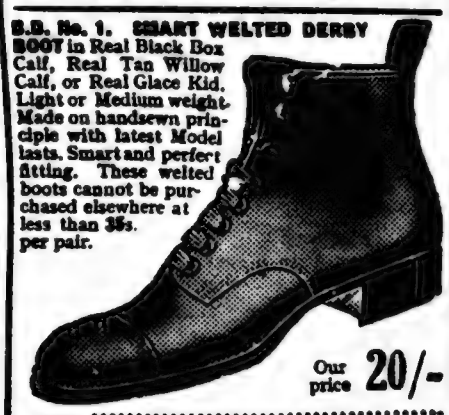
B.B. No. 54.—SMART GIBSON SHOE in Real Patent Leather; also in Glace Kid or Real Black Box Calf or Tan Willow Calf. Medium or high Cuban heels. For Town or Country wear. Magnificently finished. Worth 35/- Our Price: **20/-**

B.B. No. 7.—GENTS' SMART TAN WILLOW CALF RUGGER SHOE. Also in Real Black Box Calf. An ideal Shoe for Town or Country wear. Can also be had for Ladies (ask for No. 50). Unobtainable elsewhere under 35/- **20/-** Our Price.

B.B. No. 8.—SMART WELTED GENTS' OXFORD SHOE.—In Real all-Patent Leather. Also in Real Tan Willow Calf or Black Box Calf. Our Price: **20/-**

B.B. No. 5.—GENTS' SMART WELTED DERBY SHOE.—In Tan Willow Calf. Also in Real Black Box Calf or Glace Kid. Our Price: **21/-**

35/- BRANDED ALL LEATHER FOOTWEAR FOR LADIES AND GENTS at 20/- per pair.



B.B. No. 1. SMART WELTED DERBY BOOT in Real Black Box Calf, Real Tan Willow Calf, or Real Glace Kid. Light or Medium weight. Made on handsewn principle with latest Model lasts. Smart and perfect fitting. These welted boots cannot be purchased elsewhere at less than 35s. per pair. Our price **20/-**

All sizes in stock: 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 (11's, 12's, and 13's, 1/- extra).

B.B. No. 2. SMART WELTED BALMORAL BOOT in Real Black Box Calf, Real Tan Willow Calf or Real Glace Kid. Light or Medium weights. Perfectly finished. Made on the Hand-sewn principle. A smart Boot for Town or Country Wear. Worth Our Price: **20/-**

POST Your order NOW to the Largest Boots-by-Post Business in the World, with 20/- for each pair and 1/- extra for postage (No. 70 2/- extra), stating number and size required, and your order will be executed without delay. Register Treasury Notes and make postal orders payable to BOLSOM BROS. In the rare event of the Boots or Shoes not fitting perfectly we will exchange them with pleasure; or if you do not approve of them you can return them within seven days and your money will be refunded without question or quibble. Foreign Postage extra.

BOLSOM BROS. (*Dept. 12 C.*) 109 & 157, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to and chats with some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

"JOCK" (Clapham, S.W.).—"Just a Tommy wishing you the best of luck, and whatever happens don't desert us." From such messages, received by the hundred, we derive great encouragement in these trying times.

"REGULAR READER" (London, W.1).—Parcels of clothing for our "Greatest of These" Fund are not acknowledged in these columns, but when the name and address of the donor is enclosed an acknowledgment is sent by post.

J. D. (Manchester).—So you think the Labour Exchanges are "a menace to the country." With such a command of language it is a thousand pities you don't write a book.

A. S. (Bristol).—We do not seem to remember that Mary's little lamb was "turned to stone." It must be a long time since you went to Sunday-school.

"EGNO" (Hull). — You should not send us your poetry on open postcards. It is apt to demoralise the staff.

H. B. (Leeds).—We note that you are looking forward to the "resurrection of Magna Charta." In our opinion you will be justified in celebrating it by a little supper party.

"HOPEFUL" (Manchester).—Income for the purposes of taxation must fall within the fixed category of "statutory income" and the tax is not payable on casual profits such as prizes in "Bullets" and our other competitions.

"FELICE."—"Remember how many who are now on the mountain-tops were once in the Slough of Despond." For that sweet word of encouragement accept our warmest thanks.

M. S. (Massachusetts).—"Those who have got the Holy Spirit have the chains of their finite vision broken." Very nice, too, if it doesn't cause their heads to swell.

H. S. B. (Hornsea).—The present duty on tobacco of all grades is considerably more than half the price, so you may pat yourself on the back with each patriotic puff.

E. B. (Plymouth).—"If the Editor cannot see this, please pass it on to the staff." Such an unworthy aspersion we disdain to notice.

"NEVER A COMPETITOR."—"There has never been a big 'Bullets' prize won by anyone in Dover." Fancy that now, and such a nice, intelligent lot of people they looked when we last paid them a visit.

G. R. B. (Winnipeg).—Nice of you to write to us all the way from Canada. No such joyous effusion has gladdened our heart for many a day.

W. W. M. (Dunkirk).—If all you say is true, the conduct of the bakers in your neighbourhood is a crying scandal. The first word of the last sentence should engage your prayerful attention.

Mrs. W. (Chatham).—"Do come and see me." That is not the proper way for a married lady to talk.

KITCHENER'S FATE.—Will the lady who called at the office a few weeks ago with regard to Boecker kindly communicate in strict confidence with the Chief Commissioner, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C., when she may hear of something to her advantage?

"MISS EDWARDS."—Your story is indeed a sad one. We shall be glad to have your address, which will be treated as strictly confidential.

J. M. F. (Kensington, W.). — "Why don't you practise what you preach?" If you can prove that we don't, you shall have a new suit of Sunday clothes.

"JOKER" (Bristol).—The anecdote you sent us is one we used to giggle ourselves to sleep with fifty years ago.

K. G. R. (Essex).—Your intention of sending £1 for our "Greatest of These——" Fund is much appreciated, but unfortunately the notes did not arrive with your letter. Are you sure they were enclosed?

"WILL-O'-THE-WISP.—So you are not quite sure whether we are "good or naughty." In point of fact, we are an enchanting mixture.

B. D. E. D. (Leyton).—"If I were half as clever an old stick as Mr. Bottomley——" Such an hypothesis is far too wild to serve as the basis of a serious argument.

"GREAT READER."—In a general way we hold that married women should give place to single ones in business. There are, of course, one or two talkative exceptions.

J. C. (Holloway, N.).—Thanks for sending us Mr. Lloyd George's photograph, which we have had stuck up on the wall by the side of Charlie Chaplin's.

"ANGEL OF THE CHURCH" (Wrekin).—"Pay the blighters their coppers and come out of it." Shut up, or you'll be inside for "contempt."

"NANNYGOAT" (Fratton).—Your letter to hand. If your husband had saddled you with such a *nom-de-plume* you would probably have gone home to mother.

I. H. (Irvine). — "No acknowledgment expected." Shows we are more polite than you gave us credit for.

"MAN ON THE LAND" (Suffolk).—Your letter has been put aside for special consideration. At the moment, unfortunately, our agricultural expert is laid up with writer's cramp.

P. P. (Norwich).—So you think our unemployment plan is "not above criticism." If you will indicate the part of it you do not like, it shall be specially overhauled.

N. C. (Hastings).—Your "storyette" is not bad for a fourteen-year-old girl. If you will call at the office one day you shall have a kiss for it.

S. I. (Highgate, N.).—Afraid we cannot bother our head as to "who insulted Mr. Hughes of Australia." It was no one in this office.

M. D. (Brentwood).—By all means write to us as often as you like. But please remember that we hate bad language.

H. W. H. (Edinburgh).—Sorry to hear that your hat "will not sit comfortably on your head." Perhaps a dry shampoo would improve matters.

"ADMIRER" (Salop).—"May ye lang be spared to kiss the breath o' mony flowery summers." Same to you, and a Merry Christmas.

"WAR BRIDE" (Ontario).—So glad to hear from you. At any rate there has been no waning of your affection for the Old Country.

W. G. H. (Lambourn).—"I hope you will make your voice heard on the question of unemployment." Trust by this time our vocal efforts have earned your gracious approval.

"SOLDIER'S MOTHER" (Dublin).—For the present we think it desirable that the Irish truce should extend to the warfare of the pen. At the proper time we shall hope to have something useful to say.

"CONSTANT READER."—Your twenty-page letter reads like a sermon, and its lugubrious style reminds us of Dean Inge. Write again when you feel brighter.

S. P. A. (Nigeria).—Afraid you are under some misapprehension in asking for our "full retail price list." We are yours to a cinder for twopence a week.

"SUFFERER" (Acton).—So you think employers "should be asked to dismiss married women." But it should be done civilly and not in front of customers.

W. A. (London, N.E.).—Your verses "To a Mummy" would appear to be wrongly addressed. In neither sense of that term do we recognise ourselves.

"ENGLISHMAN."—Your sentiments on the emigration question coincide entirely with our own. So no one can call you dull.

"OLD READER" — (Hawtenstall). Afraid we cannot "insert your letter in our paper," but there are several other spacious openings for which it has a sporting chance.

PTE. A. TWADDEL.—Information in regard to this man from any soldier who served with him during the war in the 3rd Battalion, Highland Light Infantry, will be gratefully received by Mrs. A. Twaddel, of 97, Hambledon Street, Blyth.

"LION" (London, S.W.).—Sorry to hear you have been insulted by your relatives. Perhaps they would be more civil if you occasionally bought them a drop of beer.

G. J. C. (Montreal).—So you think Charlie Chaplin would have a poor reception in Canada. Probably he won't risk it.

"PROPHET" (East Crosscauseway).—We note that you have been "seeing visions." What did the missus say when you fell out of bed?

H. H. (Peckham Rye, S.E.).—So you find that as bread goes down the rent goes up. Just proves that life, as the poet said, is one damn thing after another.

H. P. B. (Newark).—"I was dreaming about you last night." You must have been strongly tempted to oversleep yourself.

"EMPLOYEE" (Cambridge).—No mistake, you've got your knife into the married women. But don't forget that one of them gave you the chance to slang the rest.

"COMMONSENSE."—Sorry we could not make anything of your letter. Your *nom-de-plume* at least proves that you have an eye for contrast.

"ENQUIRER" (Battersea).—We should like to read your letter, but unfortunately one of our staff has borrowed the office microscope to have a good look at his best girl.

J. S. (Wallasey).—"I enclose you a paper one of my boys picked up in the street." Thanks, but to be strictly correct you should have had it fumigated.

C. B. (Twickenham).—If you have not noticed our references to the unemployment problem you must be suffering from severe myopia. Anticipating your eager enquiry we beg to state that it's not catching.

Mrs. B. (Busby).—"What have we been paying into the Health Insurance scheme all these years for?" That is a question which thousands are asking and no satisfactory answer is forthcoming.

J. K. (Dundee).—Your tale of horrors at sea kept us awake all one night and half the next day. Send us something juicier next time, for the love of heaven!

W. H. P. (Birmingham).—"The mental exercise derived from 'Bullets' is well worth the time spent on it" — to say nothing of the wonderful facilities afforded for improving the handwriting.

T. G. (South Lambeth, S.E.).—You were grossly overcharged for that pot of tea. Such episodes threaten to undermine civilisation.

"READER" (South Hackney).—Don't bother your head about the "elixir of youth." Beer will be cheaper soon.

H. C. (Halifax).—Like you, we are seeking a plan to relieve the "poverishness" of the people. Nice word, that.

H. G. F. (Totteridge).—Cannot say whether your design would be "useful to a motor firm." Better ask them.

A. R. (Towcester).—If some of you people don't write more plainly we shall have to take to spectacles, which we are assured on high authority would entirely spoil our classic features.

Mrs. E. C. (Ashford).—So you think the average housewife could give points to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. But they're not all like you, dear lady, more's the pity.

"EX-SERVICE MAN." (Luton).—"I regret circumstances will not permit me to sign my name." We quite understand, sonny. Did you manage your shirt buttons?

PTE. L. (Kildare).—We agree that three shillings was much too stiff a price for "three cups of weak tea and six small bits of bread and butter." Far better have laid out the money in tripe and onions.

"FORTUNATE ONE" (Hanley).—We shall be only too happy to receive what you call "a few measly shillings" towards our "Greatest of These" Fund. In fact we attach great value to regular subscriptions, however small.

J. E. H. (Dublin).—Sorry we cannot open the columns of JOHN BULL for a controversy about "high finance." Besides, the paper looks so smart with its new features that it would be a great pity to mess it about.

L. D. (Norwich).—Since you ask us, we do not believe that there was ever a dragon with a diamond in its forehead. Or without it either.

D. M. (Edinburgh).—"I hope I may be recognised in a small way." You hereby are.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

For economy's sake, use a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

This offer is covered by the John Bull Guarantee

A HIGH-GRADE BRITISH GRAMOPHONE for 39/6

If not convenient to pay full amount, send deposit of 5/- and secure one of these Bargain Gramophones now **5/-**

THE "EXCELLO" GRAMOPHONE, as illustrated, in spite of its sensationally low price, is sound in every detail of workmanship. It is a pleasing piece of furniture beautifully finished that cannot fail to lend an added charm to any room in your house, whilst for sound reproduction the "EXCELLO" equals instruments costing 20 guineas.

We do not give away cheap records or give credit as an inducement to purchase. We prefer instead giving fullest value in the INSTRUMENT ITSELF. A special feature of "EXCELLO" is its unique-designed tone arm, fitted with patent Balance Support. This not only preserves life of your records, but gives just the correct pressure on needle point to effect *Perfect Sound Reproduction*.

If you are in any way dissatisfied with the "EXCELLO" after you have given it a trial, we will willingly refund your money.

SPECIFICATION:—

Latest hornless pattern (an improvement on the old-fashioned horn type in sound, appearance and portability). Highly polished Solid Oak Cabinet, approximately 10 inches high by 14 inches square. Baize covered 10 inch turntable with nickel-plated edge, will take up to 12 inch Record; nickel-plated tone arm, starting lever, speed regulator and handle. British made "Excello-de-Luxe" sound box (exceptionally distinct reproducer). Powerful silent running motor with double record spring, very reliable and strong.

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Mr. J. McCartney, of Newtownards, Ireland, writes: *"I received Gramophone on the 8th October and am highly pleased with it."*

Mr. A. A. Whiteman, of Wymington, Northants, says: *"I have received the Gramophone quite safely and am very pleased with it. It is a wonderful bargain."*

Mr. S. Adamson, of Houghton Green, Warrington, writes: *"I have received my Gramophone in excellent condition and am quite satisfied in every way with it."*

Mr. K. Hustock, of Tunbridge Wells, states: *"Received Gramophone and can recommend them to anyone, as the same kind here are being sold for £5."*

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His appreciation is of the very highest, just as yours will be after you have tried them.

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The COTTON fabric with the SERGE finish

"Cepea" Shirts and Pyjamas are made from a strong, yet smart, sound-value fabric. They never fail to give the maximum of comfort and freedom, and always fit as if made specially for you, even after much washing and wear.

When buying your Autumn and Winter garments, see they carry the "Cepea Serge" Tab; it guarantees replacement if they shrink or lose their colour.

"Cepea" Shirts, 10/6;
Soft Collars to match, extra.
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If unable to obtain from your local outfitter, send us a postal order, stating size and colour desired, and we will arrange for a retailer to supply.

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A BEGINNER writes (after four months' study):—"I played with ease an extract from Gounod's 'Faust' in a friend's manual which he does not expect to begin to study for some months yet." A. S. (Caversham).

Judge for yourself by reading my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," I will send a copy and form for FREE Personal Opinion and Advice on receipt of postcard with address (Mrs., Miss, Rev., Mr.) and one word to suit your case, Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, or Advanced. This is your opportunity. DO IT NOW.

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has had an unrivalled reputation all over the world for nearly 80 years.

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6/6 With Order

The Service contains:—

6 Table Knives	6 Table Spoons
6 Table Forks	1 Salt Spoon
6 Dessert Knives	1 Mustard Spn.
6 Dessert Forks	1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Spoons	1pr Sugar Tngs
6 Tea Spoons	1 Butter Knife
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THOMAS INCH.

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Are you easily tired?

Do you fail to carry out your ambitions?

Do you suffer from sleeplessness, the worry habit, heaviness of limbs, palpitation?

Have you indigestion, poor circulation, *does everything seem a trial and a care?*

If so, if you have any of the foregoing symptoms and if you are not the success you feel you ought to be, *you suffer from nerve weakness.* In which case you are cordially invited to write to me telling me your ailments and by return mail I will send you a remarkable book telling you how you can become fit and well by an inexpensive home method which has cured many thousands of sufferers including many advanced cases of shell shock. My diagnosis and opinion free of all charge, results permanent.

Write *TO-DAY*, before there is danger of a breakdown and enclose a 3d. stamp to—

THOMAS INCH,

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Dept. B. 74, CLARENDON ROAD, PUTNEY, LONDON.

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TWO FIRST PRIZES OF £500

TWO 3RD PRIZES OF £50

10 Prizes of £5 each — SIX BIG PRIZES — 10 Prizes of £2-10 each

50 Prizes of 10/- | 1,000 Prizes of 2/6 | 2,000 Popular Novels | 3,000 TARGET PRIZES | 200 Prizes of 5/-

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example :—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet :—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 428.

MAKES BULLDOG GROWL	IF I WERE KING	POLITICAL GAME	WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS
WIFE WON'T LET ME	WHEN TWINS ARRIVE	COMIC CUTS	A DIFFERENT TALE
I WONDER WHEN	JUST A LITTLE BIT	THE SOCIALISTS	TEN YEARS AGO
OUTSIDE WHITEHALL	NOT FOUND YET	DOPING	FOOLISH MISTAKE
KICKING HIMSELF NOW	THE RIGHT LABEL	FILM STAR	WEARING THE TROUSERS
SOONER THAN WE THINK	BLUNT REFUSAL	NOBODY NOW	A DISGRACE
PAINTING TOWN RED	MAKES EVERYBODY HAPPY	MAN OR WOMAN	SATURDAY TO MONDAY
WHAT SHE WHISPERED	SOLD EVERYWHERE	GOOD RIDDANCE	MERRY AND BRIGHT
TAXPAYER'S BURDEN	TIME WE STARTED	THE NEW MAID	EMPTY HOUSE
LOVE AND MARRIAGE	GETTING THE BULLET	WORKS OFF	JOLLY GOOD JOB

Closing Date, Thursday, November 3rd.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(428) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 3rd.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(428) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____
Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 428. "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 3rd.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(428) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, November 3rd.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(428) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____
Address_____

BULLETS RULES | 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final, and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of 426th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:
Mr. LEWIS K. FARAKER,
185, Sandyford Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Example :—OUT OF ENGLAND.
Bullet :—WORLD GOT ITS "SPORTS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. T. W. DUNNING, Prince Avenue, Rhyl.
Example :—NIGHT AND MORNING.
Bullet :—"OLD BOY"—"YOUNG MAN!"

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. A. TAPPLY, 7, Hurst Close, Golders Green, London.
Example :—A FAIRY TALE.
Bullet :—COMMENCED "AFTER THE WAR."

10 Prizes of £5. each:

Mr. J. W. MANNING, 2, Molyneux Avenue, Liverpool: MY HAT—RAISED TO "COOL BRAINS."

Mr. J. JONES 55, Church Lane, Normanton, Yorks: BONE TO PICK—UNLESS "FINGER IN PIE."

Mr. F. PERICARP, 5, The Sanctuary, Westminster, S.W.: GERMAN KID—"PATRIOTIC SCHOOL" WOULD EXPEL.

Mr. S. B. PERRY, Brazacott, St. Austell, Cornwall: MAN FOR BRITAIN—SHAPES POLICY TO REVENUE.

Mr. A. JONES, 31, Village Rd., Alverstoke, Gosport: CHEAP TO-DAY—PASSENGERS HELD—NOT CARRIED.

Mr. H. T. E. BAKER, 3, Dongola Rd., West Green, N. 15: MODERN LOVER — GERMAN MARK HASN'T APPARENTLY.

Miss E. DARRELL, 403, Fulham Road, S.W. 10: WHAT IRELAND WANTS—"HOME CURED" BEFORE ANYTHING.

Mr. C. PARSONS, 19, Warwick Rd., Earl's Court, S.W. 5 A GAMBLE—PEOPLE'S SPORT, NATION'S BUSINESS.

Mr. W. H. ROBERTSON, Craigrothie, Ceres: A FAIRY TALE—COMPORTING, WHEN TRUTH ISN'T.

Mr. A. WATSON, 1, Station Road, Washington Station, Co. Durham. THOUSAND TO ONE—TOMMY'S NEXT TRIP—INDIA.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. E. B. SAUNDERS, 9, Graham Rd., Weston-s.-Mare: A GAMBLE—THIS AUTUMN—WHICH "FLANNELS"?

Mr. S. P. WHITAKER, Palace Street, Newmarket: CUT PRICE—SUBSIDIES, ON THE SURFACE.

Miss H. GRACEY, 15, St. Michael's Road, Dublin: FINDING A CHAMPION—MAKE HIM "EARN TITLE."

Mr. F. SMART, 1, Church Street, Ferryhill, Durham: HANDS OUT—OF HAIR—SELDOM PREMIER.

Mr. W. E. SUTTON, St. Luke's Schools, Ashton-in-Makerfield: ONLY CHILD—LABOUR IN INTERNATIONAL FINANCE.

Mr. L. RASPISON, 3, Aeroplane View, Salisbury Plain: THE HOME TEAM—MANAGER SEARCHED WORLD FOR.

Mr. W. H. HOLBURN, 207, Longhirst Terr., Pegswood, Northumberland: DON'T FORGET—DROWNED TROUBLES REVIVE SOONEST.

Mr. F. M. JONES, 1, Victoria Road, Ebbw Vale, Mon.: THOUSAND TO ONE—NEW LEAF BLOWS BACK.

Mr. G. F. BRODIE, 24, Caledonia Street, Paisley: WHEN WAGES FALL—HANDS TURN INTO FISTS.

Mr. W. STANBRIDGE, 31, Oppidans Road, Hampstead: DON'T FORGET—"EAST WIND" IS DANGEROUS.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition 426 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull"

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

October 29, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Home Address .....

October 29, 1921.

To remain qualified for the benefit, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

THE BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE

£1,000 MUST BE WON £1,000

ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the **BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.**

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete.** Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

ONLY TEN RESULTS! ONE-WEEK COMPETITION ONLY TEN RESULTS!

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than **Thursday, Nov. 3rd,** will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Evening Telegram."

Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 11, "JOHN BULL," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 8 appears on page 5.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 3rd.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Bradford City	v.	Aston Villa			
Cardiff City	v.	Manchester City			
Everton	v.	Liverpool			
Tottenham H.	v.	Newcastle United			
Bury	v.	South Shields			
Leicester City	v.	Barnsley			
Notts County	v.	Notts Forest			
Brentford	v.	Portsmouth			
Norwich City	v.	Bristol Rovers			
Reading	v.	Southampton			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(11) SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

Are your feet "tyred" too?

Light—Durable—Resilient

SUSSEX

RUBBER SOLES & HEELS

Sold at all Shoe Shops.

Manufacturers: SUSSEX RUBBER Co., London, E. (Makers of the Famous "Waterloo" Heels and Tips.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose Trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL *—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any Trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

The Mystery of Miss "Misty Kate"!

THAT is what everyone will soon be talking about, and to stimulate enterprise "John Bull" is offering **£500** in cash prizes for correct solutions. Everybody, no matter where they live, will stand an equal chance of winning one of these handsome prizes.

The "Mystic Eight" (or if you prefer it, "Misty Kate") puzzle is "John Bull's" latest and best. It puzzled the ancient Egyptians. It will puzzle you.

1/-

On Sale Friday, Nov. 11.

Of all Newsagents and Stationers.

THE **MYSTIC EIGHT** PUZZLE OF PUZZLES

£500 Cash Prizes

Issued by the Proprietors of "John Bull."

RHEUMATISM CURED QUICKLY & EFFECTIVELY

The Rheumatic sufferers foot under the X-rays clearly shows the position of the grains of URIC ACID which cause the excruciating agonies of RHEUMATISM. It is these sharp-pointed crystals which URACE dissolves and drives from the system, freeing the stiff, inflamed joints, and putting new life into the aching, strained limbs.

URACE DISSOLVES AND DRIVES OUT URIC ACID FROM THE BLOOD.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure rheumatism. Nothing is more certain than that. It cures on a new and common-sense principle. It directly attacks the cause of rheumatism—uric acid—dissolves and expels the uric acid from the system and prevents its re-appearance. This is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY. Get a box now.

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy Whites Co., Taylors, Savileges, Whiteley's, Harrods, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, 76, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia Cramp Nerve Pains
Lumbago Rheumatism Kidney Troubles
Gout Backache Sciatica

It is not the Liver
It is INDIGESTION
In STOMACH and BOWEL.
CICFA restores DIGESTION

When you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home, it is not the Liver, it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes all that trouble, because CICFA restores Digestion.

HERE IS THE REASON.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, etc., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while any remedy which can cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa can do this, because **Cicfa restores Digestion** at every point along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures complete digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS
(in Stomach and in Bowel.)

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

As it is rolled down the Bowel the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, etc., is formed into little hard dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on to the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring Digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such

Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, ensures the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

A CHEMIST FOR 40 YEARS

Never recommended patent medicines, but he recommends and uses Cicfa. Read what he says:

8th Feb., 1919.

"I am writing to inform you of the great benefit I have derived from Cicfa. I have been a sufferer from Indigestion for some time and have tried many remedies without effect. A friend persuaded me to try Cicfa, and the result has been marvellous. **All fermentation of food with flatulence has disappeared,** and I look forward with pleasure to a meal instead of dread, as formerly. **I HAVE BEEN IN BUSINESS AS A CHEMIST FOR OVER 40 YEARS,** and have never recommended patent medicines, but I can with confidence **advise any sufferer from Indigestion to give Cicfa a trial.**"

(Signed) "G."

18,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have taken up Cicfa. Hundreds of them have written us of the splendid results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families, and in practice. When thousands of British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need a sample with which to test it. There can be no better proof. You can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 & 3/-

THE CICFA CO.,
3, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London.

GREAT BARGAIN OFFER
PURE ALL-WOOL WHITE
BLANKETS 22/6
PER PAIR.
CARRIAGE PAID.

In the interest of their Customers and Friends the Sartor Manufacturing Company of Manchester have secured the entire output of three important Blanket Mills. The result of this is that they are able to make the extraordinary offer of PURE WHITE WOOL BLANKETS (guaranteed) at 22/6 a pair. This is just a shade over actual Milling Cost, and every pair carries the well-known guarantee of quality first at the lowest price possible.

PLEASE SEND AT ONCE

Patterns of Blankets, showing quality, may be had on application. The actual measurement of the full-size Blanket is 64 x 84, and the weight 7 lb.

SEND FOR A PAIR TO-DAY

and if when you receive the goods you are not completely satisfied, your money will be refunded *in full*.

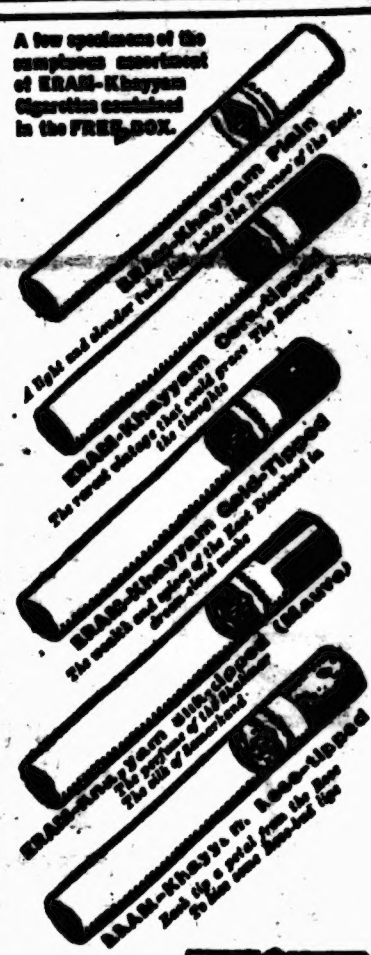
THE SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(Dept. 48) 88, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

The ONLY real Newspaper for Boys!

Sport, Adventure, Stories, Pictures, Competitions, Puzzles, etc.

Boy's Pictorial
Every Tuesday **2D.**

A few specimens of the sumptuous assortment of ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes contained in the FREE BOX.


ERAM-Khayyam Plain
A light and slender tube (like Juliet the Beauty of the East.
ERAM-Khayyam Gold-Tipped
The curved shape that could grow The Romance of the thoughts
ERAM-Khayyam Gold-Tipped
The wealth and grace of the East Disclosed in cream-lined smoke
ERAM-Khayyam Silk-Tipped (Massive)
The perfume of Old Arabia
The silk of Samarkand
ERAM-Khayyam Plain
Send up a prayer from the Rose to the same Rose-lined lips

AN EXCEPTIONAL
FREE GIFT

WOULD you like, absolutely free of charge, a box of the world's daintiest and most wonderful Cigarettes? It contains an assortment of all brands of ERAM-Khayyam Amber Cigarettes, some tipped with real petals of Roses, some with rich and delicate purple silk, some with finely beaten Gold, and others with Dark, Rich, Virginia Tobacco, the choicest and most delicate mixture to be found in the Divans and Harems of the native Princes and Potentates of India. The only supplies reaching Europe were brought by travellers who were allowed to enter the precincts of these exclusive places.

The delicious and subtle Oriental Perfume, reminiscent of the

MYSTERIOUS CHARMS, VISIONS

and alluring sweetness of the romantic East revealed as the Cigarette is smoked, conveys a new meaning to the Cigarette Smoker.

In order to introduce these delightful ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes to a wider circle of smokers we have decided to distribute

100,000 BOXES FREE

OF CIGARETTES OF UNRIVALLED "ATMOSPHERE"—SUBTLE AND ENTICING.

NEVER BEFORE has such a bold and expensive offer been made, but we know that once you have tested ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes you will always be their staunch friend.

READ THIS:
Originals may be seen at our Offices.

"Dear Sirs, I have pleasure in writing to thank you for the beautiful Presentation Cabinet of excellent Cigarettes. They certainly are delicious.—Yours truly, D.G.E."

"Dear Sirs, Please send me fifty of your delicious Eram-Khayyam Cigarettes. The beautiful free holder which you sent me with my last Cigarettes is admired by everyone who sees it.—Yrs. faithfully, J.M.B."

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY GIFT.

In addition to the free trial Box of Cigarettes every applicant will also receive a **FREE** coupon for a magnificent real gold-mounted Cigarette Holder 4½ inches long, value 10/6.

(Free Box Once Only to Each Applicant.)

TO receive one of these beautiful free boxes post to us the Coupon below together with Postal Order for 9d. or stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and same will be forwarded to you by return of post together with descriptive pamphlet (money gladly refunded if not satisfied and delighted).

Further supplies may be obtained from all good-class Tobacconists & stores.

FREE GIFT COUPON

TEAR OFF NOW before you forget.

Pin this coupon to a piece of paper with your name and address clearly written on same.

To L & J. FABIAN,
ERAM Cig. Manfs. (Dept. G.B.7), 74, New Bond St., London, W.1.

Please send me a Free Trial Box of ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes. I enclose 9d. to cover cost of postage and packing.

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